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TRYE'S YEAR

AMONG THE HINDOOS.

BY

JULIA CARRIE THOMPSON,

AUTHOR OF "ASPENRIDGE" AND "LIFE IN NARROW STREETS."

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PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
No. 1334 CHESTNUT STREET.
1872.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by
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PREFACE.

THE aim of the present volume is to place before the minds of the young a few pictures of the North India of to-day; principally of its people, their religion and habits, the mission work among them and the great need of more laborers. For some of the finest descriptions and most interesting pages of the volume the writer acknowledges with pleasure her indebtedness to a dear sister consecrated to the missionary service, Mrs. Charles B. Newton, of Lahore, India.

The historical and other facts here given have *all* been gathered from authentic sources, and if they be so woven in the letters of Trye Grafton as to deepen the

reader's interest in the wonderful land she visited, and lead him to put forth one effort for the good of its poor idolatrous people, the author will have accomplished her purpose.

Among the books consulted in the preparation of this work are the following: Ward's "India and the Hindoos;" "Life in Bombay;" Walsh's "Martyred Missionaries;" Miss Brittain's "Kardoo;" Lowrie's "Manual of Missions;" Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official;" Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's "Observations on the Mussulmans of India;" and Dr. McLeod's "Days in Northen India."

J. C. T.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June, 1871.

TRYE'S YEAR

AMONG THE HINDOOS.

I.

BOMBAY.

BOMBAY, October 9, 18—.

MY DEAR BROTHER ARGYLE: Here at last! You don't know how glad I am to be on dry land once more and have room enough to move about. No, nor can I begin to tell you how delighted I was to see your dear handwriting again. If ever letters were devoured, those awaiting us here certainly belong to that class. I am really in India. Think of it! The sun is shining fearfully bright and hot while you are away around in the earth's shadow, and, I hope, having pleasant dreams. Yes, I am in India, and that means, too, that I am now to write sensible letters to you. Father says that we are expected to learn a great deal this year, if we are not in school. He believes that we don't really know

anything until we can write it or tell it to another, so he wishes me to put down in black and white what I learn. He told me to think over the matter, and let him know what I considered the best and pleasantest mode of doing this. This is one of father's ways of showing me just what is best. I wouldn't like to have him say to me, "Trye, you must do exactly so," but when he tells me to think for myself, I always wish he would give me a sort of hint as to what would be the very best way.

I want to please him, of course, and I want to do right too, so I set to work thinking. My first plan was to write a diary. I have begun about ten diaries at different times in my life, but my interest in them always oozes out before they catch any thoughts worth keeping.

This project was discarded, and I don't know what I should have done had not the brilliant idea flashed across my mind that I would write to you. Yes, that will keep up my enthusiasm, I am sure. You will be glad to know just what I do and see and learn. You won't "view me with a critic's eye," but will sympathize with me in pleasures and troubles, if I have any, as you have done many a time before. It would be dull business for me to write all these things in a book for no one to see

but myself. I have enough of my own company without writing to myself.

I gave father my decision, and, of course, he asked my reasons for rejecting the diary plan and making you the repository of all my Eastern lore. (Don't that sound grand?) I told him as well as I could, and he seemed to expect just what I said, and in the order, if there were any, in which it came. He liked my way, and had believed that I would come to the conclusion I did if I only thought the matter over.

Now, dear big brother, you will have to take all that comes from my pen, good, bad or indifferent. I only wish you could be with us here; then our family would be complete. If you only hadn't grown too old for a schoolboy, and got to be a doctor that everybody sends for when we want him most, I don't doubt that we should have had you with us.

Father and mother both enjoy traveling very much, and seem several years younger since they have left the cares of home behind them. Chat is as full of fun as ever, and quite a tease. Yesterday afternoon, when a gentleman was calling on father and mother, he came in with a very distressed countenance, and announced to me that *sixteen* of my

trunks were safe, but the seventeenth was nowhere to be found. But you know one cannot feel annoyed with him very long. He and I have some grand good times, and he, being a boy of fourteen, can go anywhere and see everything, which he reports in his own way. Now you have an account of the whole family excepting your humble servant, Trye. You will have enough of her hereafter. You were very kind to remember her sixteenth birth-day, which was passed out of sight of land.

I wonder how girls get along who have no brothers like mine? It would be nice to have sisters, but then I wouldn't have all the teasing and petting and spoiling that I have now. There is only one thing to which I have never been quite reconciled: father, in his fondness for history, gave you boys pretty names of the heroes he admired—Argyle and Chatham—while I have to be content with Tryphena. I know it is a Bible name, and that ought to satisfy me. I suspect mother gave me the name because she found it there, but if they had hunted in history instead, I might have been Maria Theresa, Josephine, Marie Louise, Victoria, Alice Maud Mary or something as stately. But never mind; my friends think quite as much of me as if they called me by a prettier name than Trye.

Now for Bombay. You know what a bugbear my landing at this place was before I started. I have long before this become experienced in landing in small boats, but was a little troubled when I found the tide low, so that even a small boat could not reach the shore, and I must be carried by natives. You should have seen us coming, one after another, on chairs such as we used to make with our hands, our arms around the necks of the two brown men who carried us. Chat had picked up a few Hindoo words while on shipboard, and thought this a good time to use them. He fired his whole vocabulary at the men who carried him, and they, unable to make any sense of it, seemed quite troubled at first, but when he burst into a laugh they felt privileged to follow his example, and enjoyed it amazingly.

This harbor is a beautiful one. I wish I had a picture of it to send you. The city of Bombay is on an island of the same name, which is about eight miles in length from north to south, and three in width. To the north is the island of Salsette. Colaba and Old Woman's Island are on the south. With Colaba, Bombay is connected by a causeway so high as to be above the sea at high tide. Between Bombay and Salsette is another causeway with an

arched stone bridge, besides a second one built for the purposes of the great Indian Peninsular Railway. Within the harbor are some smaller islands. Among these are Cross, Butcher, Caranja—which is rocky and barren—Elephanta—green and beautiful—Oondaree and Kundaree islands.

A large part of Bombay is enclosed by walls, and called the fort. It is about a mile long and a quarter of a mile in width. The fortifications in the town and about the harbor are extremely strong, and there appear to be soldiers enough to protect the place well. In fact, you soon perceive that India belongs to the English. They take the lead everywhere, and too often treat the natives with contempt. Chat goes out and talks with the soldiers whenever he can. He is quite taken with their bright uniforms, and asks them all about the forts and their own exploits. You know the British soldiers wear red coats here as in old Britain itself. Chat was out this morning upon Dunjanee hill, which is occupied by soldiers, and commands the town. He says you can see over the city, the islands around and far out upon the water. The view must be grand.

We rode out last evening, for people do not go out here for pleasure till about six o'clock, the

heat of the sun is so oppressive. In the centre of the town we found a large open space called the green, around which are many handsome houses and some churches. On the left is a large showy house, which we were told is the government house. On the right of the gate is the bazaar. Here the native merchants live. Father told us as we rode along of two great fires which occurred here a long time ago. One was in 1803. It destroyed a large number of buildings and much property of the native merchants. The other was in 1845, in which about two hundred houses were burned. While the fire was raging the police learned that a house with the upper part in flames had in the basement a number of barrels of gunpowder. A party of seamen had been drafted from ships in the harbor to help put out the fire. They forced their way into the burning building and brought out the powder, several thousand pounds in all. I think they were heroes, don't you? And they saved thousands of lives by their noble act. But my letter is growing long, and I must leave the remainder of my ride for another.

Your far-off sister,

TRYE.

II.

THE PARSEES.

THIS letter was to be a continuation of the last, so I will begin where I left off. I was so greatly interested in father's narrative that I almost forgot where I was for the time, till, just as he ended, we turned and looked out upon the west. There was a picture of gorgeous beauty such as I had never seen before; the sky and water seemed one blaze of glory. Along the beach were a number of men called Parsees prostrating themselves and apparently rapt in devotion as they kept rapidly repeating their prayers. For the moment it did not seem strange to me that they should fall down to reverence such great beauty. From mother's lips came the words, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," then I thought why it was father had said that that verse contained the best description of heaven we could have. This

is what my eyes see, and I cannot imagine anything to surpass it, but there is something above far more glorious than all this—something more beautiful than imagination can picture.

These were my thoughts as we watched the setting sun. When it had sunk behind the water, the worshipers arose and gathered in groups to enjoy a little conversation. Their dress is different from that of the Hindoos or Mohammedans, and had attracted my attention before. They wear loose silk trowsers, below which you can see, in many cases, English shoes and silk stockings; their coat, or outside garment—it isn't much like the coat Europeans wear—is a long tunic of linen or calico reaching about to the knee or below. They do not wear any sash or belt, as most other natives do, although father says their girdle was in former times a badge of their sect. They prize cashmere shawls very highly, and wear them around their shoulders in cool days, instead of giving them to their wives and daughters. They have a peculiarly shaped headdress of dark, spotted muslin, the priests alone wearing a white covering for the head.

I asked father about these strange people when we reached home, and he told me several things

which interested me much. He says they are the descendants of the fire-worshipers of Persia—

> "Those slaves of fire who, morn and even,
> Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
> Among the living lights of heaven."

During the seventh century they took refuge in Korassan upon the conquest of their own country by the Moslems. They first appeared in India about the year 766, and their earliest settlement was the island Din on the south coast of the peninsula of Kattywar; from thence they migrated to Surat and Broach, and finally to Bombay. Their religion is very strange; I wonder that people so intelligent can believe such foolish things. Their Bible is the Zend-avesta or Zend Word, which is composed of several parts; in fact, the missionaries have not been able to find the book in a collected form. Zoroaster they believe to have been the founder of the sect and the writer of the book, but most persons who have investigated the matter think the book a spurious one written since the time of Zoroaster (500 B. C.).

According to this book, there are two deities, Hormuzd, the author of good, and Ahriman, the author of evil. The Parsees worship not only good and evil deities, but almost everything that is

named in heaven and earth. The earth, fire, water, dogs and some other objects are considered especially sacred by them. According to their code, "a person who strikes a water-dog is treated to ten thousand stripes, and he must by way of atonement carry ten thousand bundles of dry and the same quantity of soft wood to the fires of Hormuzd; he must furnish ten thousand barsams (trees) and ten thousand zors of pure hom (a kind of tree) and its juice. He must kill ten thousand reptiles that creep on their bellies, ten thousand reptiles in the form of a dog, ten thousand turtles, ten thousand land-frogs, ten thousand water-frogs, ten thousand ants, ten thousand blood-suckers and ten thousand stinging flies, and he must take out ten thousand impure stones from the ground." This is only a part of the penalty.

Chatham says he wishes they would strike more water-dogs, so as to destroy a few more ten thousands of vermin. But just think how terrible it is for human beings to live and die believing such things, when "there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved!" None other name than that of Jesus. How I wish they would all believe what the missionaries tell them, and love our dear Saviour! Some of them

are Christians, but, as a class, they are bitter opposers of our religion. They have several fine temples here in which they worship at sunrise and sunset; this they do by repeating prayers and reading from the Zendavesta. They are not so devout as the Hindoos, and are often absent from their temple service.

Father read to me about one of their burial-places. It is almost too dreadful to repeat, but my account is hardly complete without it: "A circular uncovered building is erected, sometimes from fifty to sixty feet in diameter and thirty feet high. It is built up within, leaving a parapet about one and a half yards high, the interior space sloping with a gentle convexity to the centre, where there is a well five yards broad. Immediately around this well are grooves, in which the bodies of the dead are deposited and left exposed to the vultures. As soon as these voracious birds have stripped the bones, the surviving relatives return to the cemetery and cast them into the well, whence they are removed at certain periods by means of subterranean passages and flung into the sea."

Oh how thankful everybody in America ought to be for living where people worship the true God! I suppose, if we had been taught to worship the

sun or fire or idols, like these poor people, we would have done as they do, and yet it seems strange that they cannot see how wrong they are. It isn't because they are ignorant in other things. I used to think that all the natives whom the missionaries went to teach were savages, but they are not in India. Some of these people are among the most intelligent in the world.

The Parsees are fine business-men, the brokers and factors of the Europeans. They speculate too. Chat says he would like to see them on Wall street, and seems to think that the sharp men there would not be likely to outstrip them in the race for money. They are excellent carpenters, shipbuilders and jewelers too. In fact, they seem to succeed in whatever they undertake. As you may imagine, they are rich and own many of the handsome houses in Bombay; one of the finest of these was built by the celebrated Parsee gentleman, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. What a singular name, isn't it? He was the first native of India who was made an English baronet.

At the time of the Crimean war he contributed so largely for the suffering British soldiers that Queen Victoria gave him the title of knight, afterward that of baronet. According to the Parsee

custom, his son would take the name of Jamsetjee, and his first name would descend to his son, and so on. In that way the name Jejeebhoy would be entirely lost with the death of its owner. In order to retain this last name in the family, a clause in the patent of the creation of that baronetcy makes the heirs to the title all Jejeebhoys.

This gentleman built two large hospitals and the magnificent causeway between Bombay and Salsette, besides doing many other good deeds. Father has become acquainted with two or three of these gentlemen, and called with a friend at the house of one of them. The house is a very large one, and you will not wonder that it is when I tell you that four generations of the family live in it. When the sons and grandsons marry, they bring their wives home, so the family becomes very large. The gentlemen went no farther than the general reception-room, and said they were highly entertained by the old grandfather with several of his sons, grandsons and great-grandsons.

The women occupy a long room furnished with couches ; the old grandmother rules here, and what she says to her daughters-in-law, her granddaughters and great-granddaughters has to be obeyed. It is said to be a sight to see the jewels these

people wear, even to the little babies. "Strings of large diamonds, emeralds and pearls hang from the neck to the waist, while the arms are almost hidden from above the elbow to the wrist by the numerous bangles or bracelets composed of valuable jewels." They wear also jewels in the nose, and their ears are much disfigured by being perforated all around and heavy pendants hanging from them. They wear what they call a saree over their head, so as to hide their hair altogether; they are said to have beautiful hair, and it seems a pity to have it hidden from view. I am sure they would look pretty if they dressed as we do.

They are kept imprisoned in their own rooms very much as the Hindoo women are. That is their custom, although many of them now ride out with their husbands, and really have as much liberty as other ladies. The girls are married when children, and go to live at the houses of their fathers-in-law. These Parsees form only a small part of the inhabitants of Hindostan; there are, however, seventy-five thousand of them in Bombay.

I hope to tell you something of the other people hereafter, but there is such a variety that I can only attend to one class at a time. You see here Hindoos, Mohammedans, Persians, Armenians,

Parsees, Portuguese and English. The Portuguese appear to have sunk rather than risen in life from their long sojourn in India. Their complexion is now darker than that of many of the aborigines of Asia. Many of them have residences in the settlement of Goa, some distance south of here, and leave their families that they may become cooks, tailors, and sometimes clerks, for the British at Bombay.

I begin to understand the saying that "it takes all sorts of people to make a world," and have learned that I know very little about this same old planet. Probably you will say that you could have told me this latter fact before I left home, but never mind; I mean to know something before my return.

III.

ELEPHANTA.

HERE we are, still at Bombay, and I am glad to have remained longer than we at first intended, for we have had a delightful day at Elephanta, which I must tell you about. The party consisted of our English friends, the Stanhopes, who were our traveling companions from Egypt, with Mr. Stanhope's nephew, Ensign Bartley, ourselves and almost as many servants. The air is now delightful; the rains are over, and we are sure of pleasant weather every day. It is still very warm, however, in the sunshine, and we new-comers are especially warned against being in it, even when it may be a pleasant change from the cool shade. For this reason, as well as to make a long day, we breakfasted early and started for the famous island while the sun could do no more than peep at us from above the distant mountains.

Our little boat was about two hours in reaching the island, but the sail was so delightful that the time seemed short. Elephanta is about six miles

in circumference, but it looks larger as we sail toward it, probably because of its hills, which give it a more dignified appearance than have the level islands. We can see from the boat the two ranges of hills running the entire length, and the valley between them. Father said that was the way he liked to study any subject—first, to have a bird's-eye view (ours was the view of a water-bird—a duck, for instance) of the whole, then examine in detail. I suppose that is the way he has learned so much. For my part, I wasn't studying much just then, though I was having a picture photographed on my mind which will always stay there. But the business of the hour was having some lively conversation and a good time generally. Miss Priscilla and I had become pretty well acquainted, and the young ensign laughed and talked with Chat. The older people, too, seemed bent on enjoying themselves to the utmost, and so we neared the island—only *neared* it: the boats could not touch it.

"Here we are!" said Chat. "All hands are to wade ashore."

"No, indeed," I said. "I would get on your back, but I don't dare trust you; I'd surely go into the water."

By this time the strong brown men were ready for us, and each took a passenger in his arms as if we were all children. I shrunk back at first—this was worse than being carried by two—but the others laughed, and the man assured us that his arms were strong and his feet sure, so I had to submit. Chat said when I was at Elephanta I must expect to do as the elephants did, which joke was rather too solid for me to appreciate. It was a relief, though, when once more on land and the whole day before me, in which I need not think of the return.

A steep path leads from the landing to the wide platform from which we enter the principal cave. We all clambered up this, and had our lunch baskets and other comforts brought to the cave, then stopped to look at the scenery. The view from this point, embracing the harbor filled with shipping and the surrounding islands, is grand. We were as quiet in enjoying it as we had before been talkative, but we were all anxious to see the cave. The entrance to this one is as wide as the cavern itself, and we could see in the interior its whole length of one hundred and thirty feet.

The massive pillars form a fine perspective, ending in the centre with the figure of a three-

formed god, or Trimurtri, as it is called. We passed in, examining the pillars as we went. They are very elaborately carved, and so large that we felt no fear of the mountain coming down upon us. Isn't it wonderful? These caves are cut out of the solid rock by man; he has carved these pillars and left them to support the weight above. The walls, too, and ceiling, are covered with fine work. It must have taken many men and much time to do it. Mr. Stanhope says there is a tradition that in former times the Brahmins knew of a process by which the hardest stone could be made soft; they then worked in it as they chose, and when again exposed to the air it became hard as before.

"That sounds, sir, like Hannibal's noted exploit of softening rocks with boiling vinegar," Chat said.

"Yes; it is about the same thing, and I suppose one story is as true as the other. I wish the work had been left as it was made."

I had noticed that the pillars at the entrance were very much defaced, and as we passed along found all the others in the same state.

"Who has been so rude as to mar this beautiful work?" asked father. "I notice that the British protect them now."

"Yes," said Mr. Stanhope, "they do the best

they can, but a finger or toe will disappear from an image even yet. But, to answer your question, the Portuguese were the iconoclasts who seemed to think it a duty to remove, as far as possible, all traces of any religion at variance with their own. They have broken down pillars and mutilated images all over the island, as you will see. But here we are before the Trimurtri."

This singular image is immensely large we find in coming near it. It stands on a raised platform approached by steps, and rises eighteen feet above that, Mr. Stanhope said. The three figures are only busts, so you may know that they are enormously large. I asked father whom they were intended to represent. He said it is the Hindoo trinity. The words startled me; I asked him if these heathens who worship idols have a trinity, as we have.

"They believe in what they have here tried to represent," he said—"a triune deity—and in that fact, as in others of their religion, we see that they have many ideas which came at first from the true faith, but their religion is now that of the grossest idolatry. Their principal god is Brahm; he is supposed to be a spirit, and is not worshiped from the fact that after creating the universe he fell

asleep and takes no further interest in the affairs of men. He gave existence, however, to the three represented here—Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer. These are worshiped separately. You will see in our further travels those persons who worship each, and the marks which tell you the fact. How unlike our glorious Three in One, whose service is love!"

I was looking at the giant figures all this while, and you don't know how intensely sorry I felt for those who were taught to believe in such gods as these. Brahma, the principal one, has a coarse, hard face; he occupies the middle and most prominent place. He is supported on the one side by Vishnu and on the other by Siva. Siva has a large snake in his hand; this is a favorite symbol both with him and his wife Parhuttee or Parvathi. There is something in all these faces that would drive you away from them—nothing to make you love them.

"This room is one hundred and thirty feet long," father said, after measuring, "and one hundred and twenty-three wide." This width includes two large rooms, one on each side of the Trimurtri. We went into these rooms.

"They are dedicated to the worship of Siva and Parhuttee," said Mr. Stanhope; "that double figure you see in each is Siva and his wife."

"Yes," said Chat, "there's the snake; I think I shall know that fellow when I see him again."

"Those smaller images," continued Mr. Stanhope, "are of Brahma and Vishnu, but they are not at all prominent here. Brahma is seated on a lotus—that, you know, is a kind of water-lily. Vishnu is on the back of his favorite eagle Garunda."

"There are so few priests to be seen," said father, "that I imagine the people do not now worship here."

"No," said Mr. Stanhope; "the few Brahmins you see strolling about here are on a visit or pilgrimage to a spot they think no longer sacred. The ruined state in which these temples are now is proof to them that they have been abandoned by the gods. This, as you will see, is the finest one and in the best state of preservation of the many in these hills. A part of them are supposed to be visharos or monasteries for the once numerous priesthood of Buddhism, such as exist now more particularly in Siam."

"If that be so," returned father, "they cannot

date back farther than the sixth century before Christ, for then the founder of that sect lived."

"It is now generally supposed," said Mr. Stanhope, "that they are of more recent origin than that period, but when the vast work was done, we have no means of knowing. Thousands of men must have wrought here whose very names have all passed away."

In one of the side rooms is a spring of pure cold water, which was a delightful surprise to us. You ought to have seen us as we sat down on broken pillars, or whatever we could find in that place, with the stern gods staring at us and figures looking down upon us from the walls. It gave me a strange sensation, and I looked around to see if I was really with friends. In the mean time, Chat sat looking down upon himself, first at one hand, then at the other, then inspecting his boots one after the other, and finally pulled out his handkerchief in rather a troubled manner and twisted it about every way until he could read his name. Mother said to him, "Chat, what *are* you doing?"

"Only trying to find out 'if I be I;' mother, have you a looking-glass with you? I'd like to know for certain," he said as gravely as a judge.

You may know that we all shouted at that, and

concluded that we were all ourselves, even if we had got into a queer place. Our lunch-time came very early, for we had remarkable appetites that day, and the pure cold water was a luxury truly appreciated. I think that we all tried to follow the rule given in our physiology to promote digestion, for we had plenty of cheerful conversation.

Ensign Bartley gave an experience of his which I must tell you. He arrived here at the beginning of the hot weather, and wore the comfortable fatigue-dress which most officers prefer at that season. Meantime, his handsome scarlet uniform arrived from England, and after examining it he folded it up and replaced it in the box until it should be needed. Early in the autumn the governor-general arrived at Bombay, and every officer wanted to appear in his very best at the reception of that official. The ensign thought himself prepared to make a fine appearance, and drew out the box containing the new clothes. You may imagine his surprise and dismay to find the whole suit completely riddled by the white ants. It would not hold together to be taken out of the box. It was a sore disappointment to him, and he had to greet the governor-general in what he had.

Before returning we visited some of the other

caves, but none are so spacious or in so good a state of preservation as this. The native name for the island is Gareepoori, or place of caves. The name Elephanta was given by the Portuguese from a colossal figure of an elephant cut out of solid rock and occupying the most prominent position in the island. We could see that the figure had been intended for an elephant, but the head and neck are gone and a considerable part of the trunk and lower limbs are buried in the earth.

How I wish you could have been with us that day! I know you would have enjoyed it. But I hope you will come here some time and see all these sights for yourself.

IV.

BOMBAY TO ALLAHABAD.

YOU will perceive, my dear brother, from my Allahabad postmark, that we have made quite a change in our position since I last wrote you. Yes, it is a much greater distance from Bombay to Allahabad than I supposed when studying the map of Hindoostan at home, for the map of this country is always made so small compared with that of ours. In this letter I shall not attempt to give any idea of the scenes around me, but will confine myself to the journey here.

On the afternoon of Monday we took cars for Nagpore, a ride of twenty-seven hours. The country through which we passed is the most beautiful I have seen in India, and reminds me very much of American scenery. The first afternoon we were in the valley of the Western Ghauts, crossing them at sunset. Many of the peaks of the Ghauts are of remarkable beauty, being composed of strata of soft rock which has crumbled away, leaving them

with sharp, square corners as if they had been chiseled out by human hands. One hill has a high, rectangular base covered with grass or a green vegetation, surmounted by an immense rocky pile with columns and spires, looking like a great old cathedral. On another hill, somewhat similar in form, are columns standing near a huge pile of rock, the whole resembling the ruins of an ancient temple.

The trees of India are my constant admiration, and I must tell you about them when I know them better. There are the peepul, the bamboo, mango, mimosa, teak, acacia and many others all new to me. The teak is used extensively in shipbuilding; the wood is said to be as hard as that of our live-oak, and it will not corrode iron nails and bolts.

The shipyards of Bombay obtain much of their lumber from the Ghauts.

But our sunsets! They are so magnificent that I cannot help speaking of them again and again. I thought the first three I saw in India the most gorgeous I had seen in my life, such richness and mellowness of color combined. Then, they extend over a vast space of sky and are of very long duration. But to come back to terra firma. I was struck with the number of English people everywhere and their complete control of the country.

Every place of importance seems to have its brigade, or, at least, company, of troops, besides the civil officers. I have seen fewer English tradesmen than I expected; their settlements are always distinct from the native town.

For residences they have bungalows and large compounds. The compound is simply the grounds of the house, and is frequently two or three acres in extent. At some central place are the *chakaries*, or offices, churches, English stores and public buildings. The railway stations are provided with substantial buildings; those in Northern India are very fine structures of brick or stone. Between Bombay and Nagpore every dépôt has its little flower-beds of marigolds, zinias, four o'clocks, cypress vine and globe amaranths, giving it a bright, cheerful appearance. The natives are very fond of flowers, and frequently cultivate them even in their miserable mud villages. Indeed, almost every hut we saw had its coarse vine running over the roof. Prince's feather seems to be their favorite.

We arrived at Nagpore on Tuesday afternoon and remained until Thursday afternoon. How glad we were to see the missionaries there. They seem to us old friends whenever we meet them in this heathen world. Rev. Mr. Cooper and his good

wife, of the free Scotch mission, are at work here, besides the English missionaries. They have a girls' school in their compound: that is such a singular name for a yard that it will take me a long time to get used to it. We visited this school, orphanage, as it is called, and the girls seemed as bright and well behaved as those in our schools at home. They are quite dark, and persons say not as good-looking as the natives farther north.

They are called Mahrattas, and I have been asking father about them. He says that, according to some writers, they emigrated from the West of Persia about the seventh century; others say they are from Arabia or Egypt. At any rate, they are Hindoos of the Soodra or laboring caste, and even their chieftains, the head men of their villages, belonged originally to that low rank. They are not at all strict in religious observances, and eat animal food, with the exception of beef. They are often cruel and treacherous.

The founder of the Mahratta empire was Sevajee, the son of an officer in the service of a Mohammedan king of Bejapoor. He lived in the seventeenth century. "Having collected an army among the mountains, he overthrew the kingdom of Bejapoor, and gradually united under his rule the mul-

titude of petty states among which the Mahrattas were divided. In 1819, after a long war, the Mahratta power was overthrown, the peishwa a prisoner, his title and authority abolished."

The native teacher in this school is a woman named Veranna, whom the pupils like very much, and who is really remarkable. She understands four different languages besides the English, and is a great assistance to the missionaries. During the cool weather it is their custom to leave their home and go out in the country to do good to the people in the wretched mud villages. While Mr. Cooper preaches to the men, Mrs. Cooper and Veranna gather the women around them and talk to them of Jesus. The people about there are a mixed race and speak different languages, so it is often necessary for Veranna to act as interpreter. Sometimes she talks to them herself of the Bible and Christ and the way to be saved. Then the poor women listen with great eagerness, and wonder that a woman can know so much.

Father tried to get bullock gharries to take us to Jubbelpore, but could not succeed. These gharries are a sort of wagon with cushioned seats, and are very comfortable, if not so beautiful as they might be. He then obtained what are called daks, for

which he had to pay one hundred rupees, or fifty dollars, apiece, to take us one hundred and seventy miles. They are convenient little stage-coaches, having a broad seat in each end. They would easily accommodate four persons during the day, but as they are intended for night traveling also, only two grown persons are allowed to occupy one. Over the space between the seats a cushioned board is drawn at night. We take our pillows, wraps and blankets, make a bed and, if possible, sleep.

Every five or six miles are stations, where we obtain new relays of horses, and for the mode of starting them read Carleton's "New Way Around the World." He doesn't exaggerate in the least. Chat had been reading that part of the book and laughing over it, but we were not expecting quite such an experience. I wish you could have seen us at the first station. In trying to start, we had a man at each wheel turning it, another pulling at the horses' heads, another at the side of the horse pushing, the driver meantime laying on the whip in an unmerciful way. When we *did* start, I feared the horses would break everything to pieces, at such a speed they went.

At one station we took a balky horse. Three different times he lay down on the ground, and as

often rose with a spring of nearly six feet in the air. A rope was put around the horse's body, and two men pulled with all their might at the ends. Many other means were tried and a good hour's detention was endured before we were started. On Friday we made a three hours' halt—from eleven o'clock till two—at a bungalow. We had rice and chicken curry and *chapatas* (cakes of flour and water) cooked for us. Every one did full justice to the lunch, I assure you.

While we were eating, a party of jugglers came along, and I wish you could have seen them. Chat said he couldn't "see through" any of their tricks, and you know he has found out several that he saw at home. A woman began the performance by taking a bamboo twenty feet long and placing it upright on flat stones. She then climbed to the top with the greatest ease in the world. I held my breath as she neared the top, expecting her to fall to the ground; but no, she stood upon one foot on the point of the pole, balancing it all the while. Around her waist she had a girdle to which was fastened an iron socket. She sprang from her position and threw herself forward, so that the end of the pole entered the socket in her belt, and she lay upon it face downward. She spun around in

this horizontal position so rapidly as to make you dizzy to look at her. To vary the performance, she turned her feet backward till her heels touched her shoulders, and grasping her ankles in her hands, continued to revolve, looking more like a ball than anything else. Finally, she slid down the pole, and stood upon the ground before us as composedly as if she had been there all the while.

Before we had fairly recovered from our surprise a man came near us and spread upon the ground a cloth about the size of a sheet. In a short time it began to move upward. The man raised it, and several pine-apples had grown there. He gave them to us as a proof that they were the real article, and they certainly were, if we can believe the sense of taste. After showing some more feats as wonderful as these and asking us for "backsheesh," they were off, and so were we.

Saturday morning we arrived at Jubbelpore, stayed at a hotel till afternoon, when we took cars for Allahabad, where we arrived near midnight. We were tired enough to sleep well that night, but were up in good season the next morning and ready to look around us. The house we were in was a bungalow, and such a good specimen of those oc-

cupied by Europeans that I will describe it. The walls are plastered inside and out and floors cemented, so that the only wood-work is the slight door-frames and window-frames, sashes and doors. The roof is thatched and very pointed, covering, besides the house itself, a broad verandah which nearly surrounds three sides of it. From a distance this roof looks like a huge extinguisher placed over the house.

Entering through a double door at the front—all the doors are double and have windows in them—we are in the parlor. This is a room twenty-two feet high, with the neatest and freshest of walls, white overhead, stained yellow at the sides and having a very neat cornice. The room, being a long one, has a wide screen across the centre, which makes a dining-room of the back part. At the left we enter a large sleeping-room; back of this is a smaller one, off which is a bath-room. The bath-room in India is an indispensable part of a house, and, I might almost say, of every sleeping-room. The space to the right of the parlor is divided in much the same way; the floors are covered with native matting; the windows and doors have curtains of red calico, which contrast finely with the dark-stained wood. The pretty, inexpensive pic-

tures on the walls add a charm to the rooms, and the house has a homelike, beautiful appearance.

That morning we attended native service. How strange it seemed to hear a sermon in an unknown tongue! The natives, however, listened to it with the utmost attention. Many of them have learned to abandon the false gods of their country, and to put their trust in One "able to save." In the evening we went to the free Scotch church, where there was a full house. The governor of the north-west provinces, Sir William Muir, with his wife, occupied the front seat. I hope to see more of the city before writing again, but, for the present, adieu.

V.

THE HINDOOS.

I WENT out this morning to walk with father and Chat. It was a beautiful morning, and so many strange things to see in the streets of Allahabad. I wish you could have been with us. There are many sad sights, too. We passed a man who was standing on one foot, and who, they tell us, had been standing there, day after day, for nearly twenty years. He was a very filthy and wretched-looking object. I asked father why he was there.

"He is what is called a *fakir*," father said, "or a very holy person. He thinks by doing as he does that he will please the gods. You see his long hair; that is smeared with the manure of the cow, which they consider a very sacred animal."

"Yes," Chat said; "I found that out yesterday. I was looking about me, and the first thing I knew two cows came along and began to help themselves to the things outside of one of the little ovens they

call shops. I thought it very strange that nobody drove them away, so when I came up one put her nose rather too near me, and I gave her a good crack with the stick I had in my hand. In an instant the natives swarmed around me and began talking in a very loud manner, and made me understand that I had done something very wicked. One man who spoke English told me what was the matter, and an Englishman who came along just then explained to them, or I don't know as I would ever have got out of their clutches."

"Yes," said father; "they consider it a great crime to strike these animals. They would have let them trample under foot everything in the shop, rather than touch them."

Just in the outskirts of the city we passed a man who had an earthen jar of milk in his hand. Chat, as usual, wanted to see what the man had and what he was going to do with it, so he went toward him till his shadow fell on the jar; it was quite early, so our shadows were long. What do you think the man did? He stepped aside, so that our shadows would not pollute him, then took up the jar and dashed it to the ground. Father said he was a Brahmin, and could not touch any food prepared by one of a lower caste without losing his

own, nor could he eat it after another's shadow had fallen upon it. We should sometimes forget about these things, I am sure, but they never do. Father told us about a man of high caste in the army who fell down in a faint. The surgeon ordered a servant of low caste to throw water upon him. In consequence of this, none of his companions would associate with him, and the poor fellow soon after killed himself.

I asked father more about the Hindoos and their caste last evening as we sat on the verandah, and he told us much of them. He says there are four principal castes, the Brahmins, Kshatnas, Veishas and Soodras, but there are a great many subdivisions of each of these. The Brahmins are said to have proceeded from the mouth of Brahma, showing that they were to be above all other mortals. They are the scribes and Pharisees of the Hindoos, although many of them attend to ordinary business. They are always honored by those below them in rank, and are very proud and overbearing.

Since the English have had possession of the country, and especially since railroads have been in operation here, the Brahmins have learned a number of lessons to their advantage. They cannot

have a car all to themselves, so they have to sit where others have sat, and even to be touched by those of lower caste.

It must be very hard for those of them who become Christians; they literally have to leave all for Jesus. A Brahmin gentleman here—or babu, as such are called—was converted not long ago, and was cast out by his family entirely penniless. None of his former friends would patronize him in business, so that he was poor and failed for a long time to get employment. His wife came with him, and they struggled along together for some time before they could get a comfortable living. Yet they never once regretted the step they had taken. I thought before I loved Jesus that it would be very hard to give up the world, but I see now that I didn't know anything about making sacrifices. I will copy something which father read to us of the Brahmins, and which I think will interest you as it did us:

"When the young Brahmin is twelve days old, a feast is held, with many curious rites, for giving him a name. When six months old, there is a second feast, to attend to the important step of giving him his first solid food. Two years later the child has his head shaved, his nails pared and

his ears bored with many ceremonies, to the sound of music. Again, at about nine years of age, comes the more important and complicated ceremony of investing him with the sacred cord of one hundred and eight threads, made of cotton gathered and spun by Brahmins. This cord he ever after wears over his left shoulder, across the breast to the right hip.

"At this time he is first taught the unspeakably sacred prayer called the *gayatri*, which no other ear must ever hear. Now he becomes a 'twice-born' Brahmin. When married, he becomes qualified for the duties, honors and privileges of the priesthood. He must eat no meat, nor anything that has had life; he must drink no spirituous liquors; he must use no vessel for cooking or eating that has been used by any one of a lower caste. If a Soodra but look upon the pot in which his rice is boiling, it must be broken. He cannot receive water from any but a Brahmin, nor can he have a Soodra as a servant in his house. A man of any other caste, even though a king, is too impure to hand food to a Brahmin beggar."

Although I have mentioned the Hindoos often in my letters, I have not told you how they look. Of course you know a great deal about them—

perhaps all I can tell you—but what we see with our own eyes appears more true than the same things told by somebody of whom we know nothing. It is a wonder to me every day of my life to see these people, who look like the pictures so often shown us. I used to think of them as if they were about as far away as the moon, but now that I have really traveled to their home, the distance from ours doesn't seem so very great. The pictures give you a better idea of their appearance than all I can say about them.

Their bodies are not large, and often quite slender. Some of the women have very fine forms, and are really beautiful. You know they belong to the same race that we do, and have as delicate features. The Brahmins, ordinarily (not always), are light in color, and the castes grow darker as they descend the scale. You soon learn to know a Hindoo from a Mohammedan, or one of any other class. "The garments worn by the men consist of a loose piece of white muslin, in which there are neither strings, buttons nor pins, wound close about the waist, and falling below the knees, with a second of finer material, though similar color, thrown across the shoulder, like a Roman toga, and, except the head, arms and feet, covering the entire body."

Most of those we see here wear a turban on the head. This article consists of a long and narrow strip of muslin wound upon a block of the right size and shape, when damp, as our milliners press hats. Before a Hindoo puts on a new garment, he pulls a few threads from it and offers them to some god, that it may wear well. Sandals are worn on the feet by some of the people, but the most of them go barefoot; stockings are almost unknown among them. Our manner of dressing the feet would greatly hinder them in their work, for they use their toes in very many ways. The tailor twists his thread with them; the carpenter holds a board with his toes while he planes it; the driver sometimes pulls the tail of an ox to quicken his pace or picks up what has fallen to the ground in the same way. Then the sewing-men— I know you would laugh if you saw one sew. The men here do the sewing instead of the women.

If you take the material for a dress to a dersey, and another dress as a pattern, you may be assured that he will make the new one *exactly* like the old one. It will fit just as well, too, although he has not ripped a seam to aid him in cutting the new cloth. To do all this, he don't sit in a sewing-chair by the window, as we would, but you will find

him on the verandah floor holding the work with his toes, and drawing the needle out from him instead of toward him, as we would do. It looks very awkward to me, but I suppose it is less difficult to him than our way would be.

Many of the Hindoos become very well educated and adopt many of our customs. In the cities you will see a number of native gentlemen dressed very much like the Europeans. If it is in cool weather, they will have a valuable camel's-hair shawl around their shoulders.

The dress of the women is very simple. These poor women I pity every time I think of them; I will tell you more of them hereafter. The saree is the chief article of clothing, and is a long piece of cotton, muslin or silk, wrapped around the middle and falling in graceful folds below the knees. One end is gathered in a bunch in front, while the other crosses the breast and is thrown over the shoulder. It is from seven to ten yards in length, and may cost from a dollar upward. The end is thrown over the head, and is called the chuddah in this part of India. A good many of them wear, besides this, a sacque with half sleeves fitting the form.

They wear a great many ornaments; these orna-

ments are of gold and silver, precious stones and the imitations of these. Their arms are sometimes loaded with bracelets, and pendants hang from the ear and the nose. The fingers and toes are decorated with rings, and necklaces of gold, precious stones, beads of glass or coral are hung about the neck. Children wear but little clothing when quite young, but generally have a number of ornaments upon them. They call their jewels their "joys."

Chat says it is mail-time, so I must close abruptly.

VI.

A HINDOO WEDDING.

ONE of the missionary ladies told me more about the Hindoo women to-day, and it made me feel very sad. She says the women of the high caste always live in their houses, and are never seen by any gentlemen, except their fathers, brothers and husbands. The women are never mentioned by the men; it would be considered an insult to ask one about his wife or daughter. A Hindoo, being asked how many children he has, gives only the number of his sons. One, in answer to this question, said, "I have no children—only three girls." When a son is born into the family, it is a source of great rejoicing; many rites are performed by the priest and much money is given him for his services, but when a daughter comes the event is generally considered a calamity. The first few years of her life are her happiest. She is usually engaged to be married at five or six years of age, and is married at nine or ten. If the parents have not succeeded in finding

a husband for her by that time, they believe that their ancestors for five or six generations will suffer in consequence. If she is married when very small, she remains at home for a few years, going occasionally to her husband's house, but otherwise she is taken there at once, and seldom returns.

There are a good many ceremonies connected with a Hindoo wedding, and some variety in them. My missionary friend told me of three which had been described to her by the women in the houses where they occurred. One of them is so like the description of one in "Kardoo" that I will quote from that in trying to give you some idea of the strange performances they have. It is a marriage in high life.

After the barber, or some other household official, has made the match, and the fathers think it the proper time for the marriage to take place, the bride's father tells the mother to prepare for the wedding at such a time. Then there is a great excitement in the family. Sweetmeats and curries have to be made and presents of fruits, sweetmeats, etc., are exchanged daily. Many thousand rupees' worth of jewels are bought by the bride's father and given to her, these forming her wedding dowry. When the bride goes to live at her husband's house,

her mother-in-law takes possession of these, and she is never allowed to wear them except by her permission, and then only such as she chooses to let her have. Sometimes a wedding costs so much that the family are impoverished by it for years.

For two weeks before the wedding the little bride is constantly bathed in perfumed water, her feet and hands dyed each day afresh with henna, and the last four days she is obliged to sit holding in her hand a little instrument with which to blacken her eyelids and lashes. This is in shape like a teaspoon with a cover. Toward evening of her wedding-day she is bathed in rose-water, her feet and hands dyed afresh. She is dressed in a silk saree, sometimes embroidered with gold. In her ears, on her head, neck, arms, ankles, and even from her waist, are ornaments of gold and precious stones. In the gods' house, or the room for worship, the two fathers sit with the *gooroo*, or priest, of each family. This is the first scene. These gooroos go through a tedious set form of an hour or two, telling the fathers-in-law what is their duty, and making all necessary settlements and promises. The babus in the mean time go about among the guests, sprinkling them with rose-water from a little silver vase, and some of the boys present to each

guest a bouquet of flowers and throw a wreath of white flowers around each person's neck. Again, a small silver box is passed among the higher class of guests, filled with exquisite perfume. Into this each one dips his fingers.

Then is heard a shout, "The bridegroom comes!" How like the same announcement in the time of our Saviour, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" Five or six little girls of the house not over six years of age, with lighted torches, run through the court out into the street, and bring in the bridegroom. He is led in and seated on a handsome carpet, which has been placed for him in the middle of the court. Here he remains sitting for about half an hour. He then stands with a small pan of flaming coals nearly in front him. Near his side is the barber blowing a trumpet at intervals. This continues about five minutes; then five women appear, all closely veiled, each having on her head a sort of tray made of wicker-work. The first one is the bride's mother; in the tray on her head she carries red-hot or blazing coals, something being placed between the tray and the coals to prevent them burning through. She also carries in her hand a chattee of water. The women have various kinds of fruit in their trays. They

pass around the bridegroom several times, the mother spilling the water so as to form a circle around him. At the seventh time, when she is behind the groom, she suddenly throws the tray of burning coals over his head, they falling at his feet in front. She then turns the tray wrong side up and stands upon it. With her hands closed together, she touches his forehead, lips and chin with oil, plantain, salt, etc. She moves away, and the little bride appears for the first time.

She is seated on a board, on which a variety of figures are chalked, and is carried by the barber and his assistants six times around the groom, within the circle marked by the water. She is then placed at his feet, still sitting on the board. He has not moved a muscle. She is now lifted to a level with the groom's face. A large sheet is brought and held over the heads of all, the bride's mother and one of the aunts standing under it. They hold lights close up to the pair, who are supposed now to look at each other for the first time. They remain in this position five minutes; during this time the barber varies the performance of blowing the horn by occasionally uttering a wild shriek. This is imprecating curses on whoever should say anything evil of the young couple.

The sheet is now removed, and the groom goes through the passage again into the gods' house. The bride is carried after him. Here they are seated opposite each other on a circle elaborately chalked on the floor. Between them is a choice vase filled with flowers, on which the back of the groom's hand is placed, while the back of the bride's hand is placed in his. Wreaths of flowers are then bound around their hands and ten rupees placed on the top. These are for the priests. The gooroo of each family now lays down the law most emphatically to the opposite father-in-law. Not one word is said to either of the parties themselves. Then the bride's father and one of the priests seat themselves in front of the couple.

By the father is a large silver dish filled with Ganges water; in this a beautiful ruby ring and a thin iron bracelet are placed. The ring is given to the groom and the bracelet to the bride; then some of the water is sprinkled upon them and some of the flowers thrown at them. The bride is carried first to the groom's right side, then to his left. Here a corner of their sarees are tied together; this pronounces them husband and wife. Chat thinks it takes a long time to have the knot tied.

The groom then stands up, his wife placed stand-

ing in front of him and his arms put around her. A plate is placed in her hand with some rice and plantains, and a wisp of straw lighted and placed blazing at her feet. This is to express a wish that the husband will be able to afford at least a wisp of straw to blacken his wife's face when she dies, if he cannot get fuel enough to burn her body.

She is seated again at his side, some red powder put upon her hair at the front parting and the chuddah drawn over her head. Until she is married a girl doesn't wear the chuddah over her head; that and the red powder, which is put on fresh every day, are a sign that she is married. A widow never wears the powder. So much for the Hindoo way of getting married; and I must close, for it is about mail-time.

VII.

THE HINDOO WIDOW.

I HAVE not finished my account of the Hindoos yet, so this letter also shall be devoted to them. I am only telling you a little about them; there is ever so much more that would take more time and space and knowledge than your poor sister can command.

Each family does not occupy its own house, as with us. At the head of a household is the oldest man, whose word is law to all the younger ones. His wife is at the head of the women, and is called the tuckoo ma. Their sons and grandsons all bring their wives there to live. When the head of the house dies, his oldest son takes his place, and when the tuckoo ma dies, the wife of the oldest son rules in the zenana, or women's apartments. Each daughter-in-law has her rank as wife of the oldest son, the second, etc., then of the grandsons in order, and each has to obey those above her. Sometimes they live very peacefully, but often the tuckoo ma is tyrannical and makes the others very unhappy.

Their principal occupation is to comb out and braid their beautiful hair, put on and off their ornaments and cook their husband's food. The husband and wife never eat together; she prepares his food and waits upon him while he eats, afterward has her own meal of what is left. If the wife dies, the husband may marry again, but a widow has not that privilege. They believe widowhood to be a peculiar curse sent by the gods for some sin committed in this or a former life, and the poor widow, often only a child, suffers every indignity from those who should love her best and cherish her most tenderly.

I said, when I heard this, "How cruel they must be!" But my friend said that they are only cruel as their religion teaches them to be. They believe the widow to be one cursed of their god, and that he will punish them for trying to interfere with the curse. They are naturally gentle and affectionate, only cruel because they believe it to be their duty. Isn't it terrible to believe such things? The more I see of them, the more I long to do something to lead them to our precious Saviour. It must be such a comfort to tell these despised ones of the many tender passages in the Bible for the widow and the fatherless, and what sympathy

Christians feel for such. How much they need these! for their future is all dark and hopeless.

Among the higher classes the widow has her hair shaved off at once; this, of course, detracts much from her beauty. Her ornaments of gold and silver are all laid aside, and the red powder rubbed off from her forehead. Her fine apparel is changed for a coarse cloth, which she must wear until her death.

I will read you what a learned Hindoo says: "From the day of the death of her husband commences the widow's sufferings and privations. She is made to employ herself in the performance of devotional austerities which know no end. Constant fasting and bathing, abstaining from the uses of certain articles of food and going around the tulasi (a shrub venerated by the Hindoos), or some idol in a temple, are the mortifications she is to inflict upon herself. Her appearance on all joyous occasions is considered a bad omen. Even at the marriage ceremony of her brothers and sisters she cannot, consistently with the superstitions prevailing among the Hindoos, take an honorable place, or join other females who, because their husbands are living, can enjoy all the reasonable freedom and pleasures of life. The Hindoos invariably consider

it an auspicious omen to come across the wife of a living husband, when they leave home, for the accomplishment of their intended purpose, but if they happen to come across a widow, they despair of success in the design, and proceed with reluctance or return to curse the widow. She cannot talk familiarly with her dearest and nearest relatives. Her every word and every movement is subject to uncharitable construction. Among the Brahmins her diet is rigidly regulated. She is welcome to a meal only once a day, and she must content herself with some unwholesome eatables in the evening merely to prevent the cravings of hunger.

"To be brief, the widow lives a life of toil and mortification. From morn to eve she has something or other to do. Domestic drudgery is her inseparable doom. If she is able to read, she may spend a leisure, which is short and hard earned, in the perusal of a *pothee* containing tales in honor of some of the Hindoo gods or imaginary deities."

"That shows you something of the misery of the widow's life," my friend said, "but not all. If you could see with what scorn in some cases the older women in the family treat her, as I have done; if you could see her, when she is sick, lying on the bare floor, with no one to give her even a cup of cold water, no

one to prepare her nourishing food or needed medicine, and without one kind word or look to cheer her,—it would make your heart bleed for her. Miss Brittan, who has spent years in teaching in the zenanas of Calcutta, said that when she first came to this country she could not believe what was told her—that a widow would prefer to be burned with the body of her husband to surviving him—but after seeing their many sufferings and their dreary, hopeless life, she fully believed it."

"Are the widows ever burned with their husbands now?" I asked.

"Not publicly: the authorities will not allow it; but it is sometimes done without their knowledge. No objection is made to their burning their dead, and large enclosures are prepared for the purpose in some places. They often spend a large amount of money in this ceremony. Will you go with me to one of the zenanas to-morrow?"

"Oh, thank you; I would be delighted to go. But will they allow me to enter their houses?"

"Some of them will, for they have learned to know me, and to believe that there is something in the gospel I bring them."

"But how did the missionaries first get into their families?"

"The first wedge was fancy-work. Several years since, a young man who attended the school of an English missionary in Calcutta saw the lady working a pair of slippers for her husband. He thought them so beautiful that he urged his mother to let the lady come into their family home and teach her this fine art. After a great deal of persuasion the lady was allowed to enter, and while teaching the fancy-work taught also the precious truths of the Bible. After that others became willing to admit the foreigners for the sake of learning to work in worsted and embroidery. Their life is so very monotonous that they are glad to have something of the kind to vary it. This is a great work that has been opened for women. A man cannot gain access to these imprisoned women. Even a physician has to give directions and write prescriptions without seeing his patient. The ladies among our missionaries have been laboring in these zenanas as they have been opened to them.

"We visit now in thirty of these families in Allahabad, and could go in many more if we had the time or more ladies here to do it. Besides what we do, there are other missionaries here engaged in the same way.

"This is a great work of itself, and yet it is only

one of our many duties. These zenana women form, happily, only a small part of the women of India. You see other women in the streets with their chuddahs over their heads, free to go almost anywhere. They, however, cannot be approached by our missionary gentlemen as they could be at home. Sometimes when the *padre* (minister) has collected a little crowd around him, they draw near enough to hear him, but he cannot address them directly, so that here, too, is work for woman. I wish we could have a whole army of missionaries, men and women, in India; we are so few among the millions of idolaters, and yet God has greatly blessed our poor efforts."

VIII.

IN THE ZENANAS.

DEAR BROTHER GYLE: You may believe that I was ready to go with Miss —— at the time appointed, and was greatly interested in what I saw. The first house we entered is one of the finest in the city. It is of brick, plastered inside and out like the Europeans' bungalows. It is painted white, with a cornice of fine checker-work of bright colors. In the second and third stories are windows of stained glass. You enter through the lower door into a narrow passage which leads under the house into a square open court. Two broad verandahs, an upper and a lower one, are on three sides of it. A number of rooms open on these verandahs; the lower ones are used for store-houses, carriage-houses, servants, etc. The upper rooms are used by the babus. The room in which they entertain their friends contains handsome European furniture, but it is not arranged with any taste. Besides, the cobwebs hang in festoons all around.

I learned afterward that many Hindoos will not destroy life, and think it wrong even to clear the spiders out. None of the females ever enter this part of the house, unless when very young. You pass from this court back to a second one, which, in most houses, is the women's court, but this, being an unusually fine dwelling, has three courts; the one farthest back is the one upon which the women's apartments open. Here their lives are spent. What a little world they have! The lower part is used for the cows, cook-rooms, etc. The upper rooms are for the women and children of the family. These rooms have no doors or windows on the outside, so that the women never see anything going on in the street.

From this court we go through a passage under the house into their garden—a small piece of ground with a high wall around it. It contains a tank, or pond, with a few plantain and cocoanut trees around it. The women bathe in this tank every day, according to a command of their religion. We went to one of the rooms and sat near the door. I was surprised to see such a contrast between these rooms and those for the men. The floors are the same as the walls, and on these they sit, without carpet or mats or stool or chair.

There is a bedstead with a mat covering it for a bed, two or three hard pillows, a box or chest with a padlock, in which they keep their valuables, and a clothes-horse. Besides these is a brass lota, or drinking-vessel, that completes the list. They spend a good deal of time on the verandahs telling wonderful stories to each other. When the husband of one comes to his wife's room, he coughs, or makes some noise, to announce his coming; then all the women go out of sight. A woman may see the younger brothers of her husband, but not the older ones.

My friend was made very welcome by the five or six women whom we saw at first. They were ready for the lesson, and seemed eager to learn. Three of them can read very well and have Bibles, which they seem to prize; one of these is a widow of about sixteen. Oh how sad she looked, and so old, as if her troubles had nearly crushed her! The tuckoo ma has given her consent to the teaching, and comes near enough to hear what is taught, but the woman next in authority is very much opposed to it. She treats the poor little widow very badly. The girl has friends, though, for as many as three of her sisters-in-law say that they will do what the Bible tells them, and never wor-

ship an idol again. They treat her with great tenderness, and often help her in her work. She seemed perfectly happy when she saw the face of Miss ——.

After the lesson was over they got out their sewing and the teacher told them the story of David. One pretty little girl of ten, who had been married a year, sat down close to me and listened with great attention. Her dress was magenta book muslin, six gold bracelets were on each arm and a heavy chain of gold about her neck. Her mother was beautiful, and had much more beautiful jewels than those of her daughter. Before we left she took them out to show me. It seemed like a small jewelry store, and yet she regetted that her husband had locked up her best ones in his room. Her teacher told her about the Pearl of great price, and she thought it must indeed be valuable if worth more than all her ornaments. These poor women! I don't wonder they think so much of such things, for they have little else to interest them.

The second zenana we visited was quite unlike the first. It was in a narrow lane and up dark winding staircases and passages. The air was close, and I felt like making as short a stay as possible, but here were women and girls waiting for the

teacher. One woman, seeing that we were warm, threw a fan down before us; she would not let us touch her in any way. Another came from her room soon after our entrance to beg the lady to come and see her poor child, who was sick. This woman had only lately consented to hear the instruction given in the house.

"Do help my boy!" she said. "Pray for him; your God will hear you."

She knelt and prayed in Hindoostanee, the woman watching her child meantime to see if he were improving. The teacher saw that the child had a fever, and left some medicine for him.

"Make him well!" said the woman. "I had another boy once, but he died. I suppose I had taken another woman's baby, and so he was snatched from me."

"No, that cannot be; God took him because it was best. He was never anybody but himself, and when he died he was still only himself."

"Can that be? Then why was it best for him to go?"

"I don't know, but God does everything for the best. I pray that he will make this dear little boy well, but if he does not, it will be because he knows best."

"Your God is a good God, but he don't want to help us."

"Yes, he does; he wants to help you, and he wants you to love him. He loved you so much that he sent his Son to die for you, as I have told you, and he loves you still just as much."

Then the teacher took out her little Testament and read some of its sweet promises. After the regular lesson was over we went to the sick room, and found the little sufferer sleeping naturally and sweetly. The mother thought there was some supernatural charm in the medicine, and expressed her gratitude again and again.

As we came home, my friend said that if the child recovered, as she thought he would, the whole family would believe whatever she might teach them. No man being allowed in the zenana, many a woman and child suffers and dies for want of proper treatment. These missionary ladies, who have only an ordinary knowledge of medicine, do very much good in this way. Some of the ladies who come out here have studied that branch at home; they gain the confidence and love of these people very soon, and sometimes save life.

In the evening I told mother about our zenana visits. She is more interested in the missionaries

and their work than in anything else in India. She says that a very great work is going on here, and believes that God will raise up others to help the few who are here, and yet it makes her sad to see so many thousands dying every day without a Saviour. These dear missionaries are working so faithfully and live so close to the Master I am sure that God will give them crowns of the very brightest jewels in his kingdom.

The schools in this city are large and very interesting to me. One of them is for training the girls of native Christian families, so that they may teach their own people. The Christian women among them who are already teachers and Bible readers lead many of their people to give up their idols and follow Jesus. Father and mother think that this is the way for India to become Christian. Their own people can do more than we when they have learned the way of life from the missionaries. Now I can see one reason why they are so hopeful. Every one who is converted by their means will tell others, and perhaps lead many others to believe as he does. Besides this, as mother says, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

IX.

SIGHT-SEEING.

DEAR BROTHER: This morning we were out sight-seeing—the whole family. We first rode about the city, through some of the streets we had not before visited, and find Allahabad to be a pretty large place. The population is somewhere in the region of forty thousand. The city is supposed to occupy the site of the old Palimbrotha. The modern houses, which are of mean and poor materials, are raised on foundations which show that large and handsome buildings must once have stood where they do. The Emperor Akbar, the great chief among the Mohammedans, lived here and built the fort, so as to command both rivers. The situation of the city is very much like that of Philadelphia, between two rivers which unite below it. Here we have the Ganges and Jumna instead of the Delaware and Schuylkill.

You know that the Ganges is considered a very sacred stream by the Hindoos, and this place where

the two rivers meet is exceedingly holy. This makes Allahabad one of their sacred cities. Benares is the Indian "holy of holies," but this city stands very high on the list.

Immersion is a sacred rite of the Hindoos, and you find tanks in most of their temples filled, if possible, with water from the Ganges. Those who bathe here have the benefit of three immersions elsewhere. Many pilgrims drown themselves here, thinking that they will be for ever happy in doing so. If any one dies in sight of the Ganges, however bad he may be or whatever his belief, the Hindoos think he will be saved. If even a grasshopper is drowned in its waters, it goes direct to heaven. I was surprised to think anybody would believe these things when father told me what I have been writing.

We rode outside of the city across what is called the Maidan—an open, level plain—to the fort. This is a huge structure of red sandstone, and looks very warlike as we approach it. I almost expected to hear the roar of cannon as we drew near, but all was peace. We passed through its magnificent gateway amid the pacing sentinels and the scores of other redcoats standing or walking or lounging within. We entered the great hall of

audience where the mighty Akbar was wont to receive his subjects. We did not linger long in this place—in fact, it was only a glimpse that we caught of the whole fort. One very curious place is an underground temple which is very old: no one seems to know when it was built. Then there is a pillar, or *lat*, they call it, of asokas; it was placed there three centuries before Christ, and has on it certain laws in characters of the old Pali language.

Leaving the fort, we go still farther from the city upon the triangle, which is bounded on two sides by the converging rivers and on the third by the fort. Chat wondered why the fort wasn't placed on the point of land where the rivers meet, but father says it can command both rivers where it is. The triangle I spoke of is the place where the melas are held. They are yearly gatherings of Hindoos for worship. One of the missionaries says, "It is a picnic, a fair and a great religious festival all combined." Besides the ordinary melas, there are twelve which belong to all Hindoostan. These are held at different places, from Hardwar, where the Ganges escapes from the mountains to the plains, to Sagor, where it meets the Bay of Bengal. The Brahmins have arranged that each of the twelve shall be in turn the prin-

cipal mela of the year, and pilgrims come to it from all parts of the country.

Last year this "twelfth-year mela" was held here, and it is said that two millions of people attended it. This plain was then a little city—not so little, either, with so many inhabitants. They had canvas-covered shops for jewelers, booksellers, cloth merchants, braziers, shoemakers, grainsellers, confectioners, etc. Here could be seen, too, the white mission-tents, where faithful ministers, both native and foreign, gathered the passers-by to hear the word of God. They take such times as these to preach to the natives, many of whom hear of a Saviour for the first time. At the point of the triangle there is a large open space left for the bathers. Here the crowd is very dense. One particular set of persons, called the pragwals, have had charge of the bathing here for centuries, and become very rich, for each bather has to pay them a tax. Every native follows his father's business, whatever it may have been, so I suppose the people do not think of such a thing as making a change in this respect.

The fakirs must be a sight to behold. They are men who do a great deal of what the Roman Catholics would call penance, and think they be-

come very holy. The magistrate ordered that no one should go unclothed to the bathing-place, but many of these miserable beings paid no attention to the order. We are told that one man came hundreds of miles by measuring his length on the ground. "Standing up, he threw himself prostrate in the direction of the mela, and described a semi-circle on the ground with his hands, as if swimming, pressing his forehead in the dust. His little store of food and furniture is in a small box on wheels. Rising, he draws this box forward by a string, then steps to the mark, his hands in the dust, and prostrates himself as before. The faithful press forward, with the greatest reverence, to touch the ground over which he has passed, to be touched by his shadow, to present their offerings of money, which he quietly accepts and puts in his little box."

This is the way one fakir came to the mela. One of the missionaries saw him and gave father this description. I had the whole scene pictured to my mind, when our attention was attracted to a spot across the Ganges. There were four men carrying a bed upon which was a sick woman. Two Brahmin priests with them kept muttering something as they walked, a prayer, I suppose, to

Gunga—that is, the Ganges, for that is really their god. We watched them as they placed the dying woman near the river where her last glance should rest upon its waters. Poor woman! she believed that by doing this she would soon be in heaven. Oh, I thought, what a sad, sad awakening it would be for her when her spirit fled to God who gave it!

The priests walked around the sick woman several times, now stopping to look upon the sacred river, and uttering some words, again turning to the sick one. It was a terrible scene, and I would not like to have been nearer. They must have delayed this last office longer than they thought, for the woman died while we were looking. Then began the lamentation of the living. They pressed around the body, apparently closing the eyes and preparing it, not for its burial, as we would do, but for the flames. The burning-ghats are yards upon the bank of the river with high walls on the three other sides. The corpse was taken to the ghat, which was not far off. We could see the priests still busy with their ceremonies, and a number of others going about preparing for the last sad rites.

On our way home we saw the smoke rising from the spot, and knew that but a handful of ashes would soon be all of what so short a time before

contained a living soul. How horrible it seemed so to die and so to return to dust! With a certainty of heaven, one would be willing to be taken from home to die by the river-side, for Jesus would be there to put his arms around us and bear us through the dark valley, but so to die, "without hope and without God in the world!" I cannot bear to think of it. Sincerely do I pray, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

X.

THE MUTINY.

WE are now in Futtehgurh. We had intended to go from Allahabad direct to Agra, but father decided to visit this point in order to see the spot where our martyrs of the mutiny lived and labored; hence our letters from this place. We were all anxious to sail up the Ganges, and were gratified. The boat was a real native one, but a very comfortable affair. It had a cabin rising above the sides of the boat. Upon this were sails, although the wind was not the only power to which we trusted. Long oars projected from each side, by which the dark men could bear us along in spite of adverse winds. Many were the deluded persons we saw making their obeisance to Gunga and plunging into the sacred stream in the belief that their sins were thus washed away. We watched the people and the little mud villages as they came in sight; we were interested in the larger places. We gazed after the birds and noted

every new kind of tree, but the scenery is monotonous, and we had plenty of time to watch it and think, too, of other things, so we got father to tell us about the mutiny. I will give it to you, as nearly as I can recollect, in his words:

The native army of India was organized while Lord Clive was governor-general of this country in 1757. The superior officers were always Europeans, with native officers under them. The army of the Bengal Presidency, the one engaged in the mutiny, was composed chiefly of Brahmins and Mohammedans. Now, these two classes of people have each a feeling of hatred toward the other, but they both hated the English, and united to crush this controlling power. The Brahmins had been treated as superior beings, receiving respect and even reverence from all the Hindoos, as I told you before, but since the English ruled the land, the law considered a Soodra as good as a Brahmin, and his rights were to be respected as well.

The Mohammedans had but a short time before been compelled to give up the rule of Oude, their last province in India, to the British. They were ready for anything which tended in the slightest degree to re-establish their sway in the country, and are the ones who started the great Sepoy rebel-

lion. They reminded the Brahmins of the disregard of the Europeans to their rights, and that caste was giving way. Both were ready for the slightest pretext to begin hostilities. What do you think they made a reason for attacking the Europeans? Only a little tallow! and it must be confessed that wars sometimes arise in Christian countries from reasons as trivial as this. The cartridges sent to be used were said to be greased with either tallow or lard."

"Oh, I begin to see," said Chat; "the cow is a sacred animal: it wouldn't do for the Brahmins to use tallow; but how about the lard? Are hogs sacred too?"

"No," father continued, "they are not sacred, but the very opposite. They are held in abomination by every Musselman."

"But," said I, "they did not have to eat this tallow or lard; I don't see how they could object to having the cartridges greased with it."

"You don't know much about war, Trye," said Chat; "the soldiers always have to bite the end off the cartridge before they put it into the gun. I suppose that was the trouble, wasn't it, father?"

"Yes, my son; there was where the difficulty lay. The Brahmins couldn't put the tallow to such use

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because it was too holy, and the Mohammedans couldn't use the lard because it was too vile. The mutiny broke out at Barrackpoor, above Calcutta. The Sepoys burned several buildings and held secret meetings. The contagion spread, and soon many places were the scenes of fire and bloodshed. At Lucknow an English doctor happened to taste some medicine before giving it to a sick Brahmin; this was construed as an attempt to break their caste. The whole regiment rose and burned the doctor's bungalow.

"The first victims of the mutiny fell at Meeroot, on the 10th of May, 1857. 'The next day forty women and forty-four children perished in the most horrible manner at Delhi. At Agra thirty-three more were coolly murdered; at Cawnpore between three and four hundred.' Let me read you what Rev. Joseph Mullens, then of Calcutta, wrote: 'From that time forward began a series of atrocities unparalleled in the history of our colonial settlements. From that time, in numerous localities in Upper India, men, women, children, of our own nation, were exposed to trials, difficulties and dangers of the most awful kind, and were involved in one common ruin. They were hunted down, tied together, fastened to trees and stakes, and, though

unarmed and defenceless, were brutally slain. For several months, over hundreds of square miles, their houses were heaps of ruins. The highways were destroyed, all traffic ceased, riot and plunder and murder stalked wildly through the land, and the bodies of about fifteen hundred of our own countrymen and countrywomen lay unburied upon the wastes, a prey to jackals and vultures and the foul birds of night.'"

"Oh how horrible!" said mother; "to think of that happening in this beautiful and peaceful-looking land! May God protect his people here from another such calamity!"

"But had they no leader, father?" asked Chat.

"They can hardly be said to have had one leader. In this region a prominent leader was the Nana Sahib. He was the adopted son of the peishwa of Poonah, who, though very unworthy of it, was granted a pension of eighty thousand pounds a year, with the fine property of Bithoor, near Cawnpore. Nana became heir to all the peishwa's property, and was allowed a guard of five hundred cavalry. He was, however, refused the extravagant pension which had been given to the peishwa. This infuriated him, and during this reign of terror he seems to have acted more like a demon than a man."

As we came in sight of Cawnpore we were shown the ghat (or landing) of the massacre. About a mile back from the river is the place where, in the hot days of June, 1857, seven hundred and fifty Europeans, men, women and children, were gathered to defend themselves from the four native regiments who were constantly firing upon them. It is now a garden of roses, but then a flat, dusty space surrounded by a parapet of earth about five feet high. Father said that twenty days they held their position. One after another fell under the constant fire. Hospital stores were destroyed, houses set on fire and many persons burned to death. Not a drop of water was to be obtained, except from one well in the open plain, upon which the fire of twenty marksmen was brought to bear.

The English dead were thrown into another well, because to bury them was impossible. One hundred at least were killed, and all the artillerymen among them! Then the Nana offered terms of surrender, and promised them safe-conduct down the Ganges to Allahabad. Sick and wounded, pale and care-worn, they marched to the landing and embarked. Twenty huge boats, each some twenty feet long and twelve feet broad, with thatched poops, were awaiting them, and the little party hoped soon to

reach a place of safety. But ah! the treachery of Nana and his counselors! When fairly out in the stream, yet in water so shallow that they ran aground, the boats were fired and the boatmen fled for the shore. Immediately the poor refugees were fired upon by the Sepoys from every direction. Only two or three men of that company escaped!

More than a hundred women and children were marched back to Cawnpore. After being imprisoned for two weeks they were all butchered by the orders of Nana Sahib, and their bodies thrown into a well. Soon after this time our missionaries from Futtehgurh reached Cawnpore.

But we had arrived at the landing of the latter place by this time, and stopped for a few hours to see the spot where so many noble ones had suffered and died. We found natives ready to guide us to the spot, or take us there in almost any way we chose to go, for a small sum of money. We found the well into which the victims were cast covered with a beautiful white marble monument, a white angel of peace standing over it. A large space around it is enclosed by a high wall of Gothic design. Around this is a beautiful park, or garden. It seemed almost impossible to believe this the same place as that of the horrible massacre, but we

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knew it was, and I felt almost as if the Sepoys might be lurking about, ready to pounce upon us at any moment. I asked father if there were any danger from them now.

"You are not afraid, Trye, are you?" he said, smiling.

"No, sir, but I was wondering if these men would not try the same thing again some time."

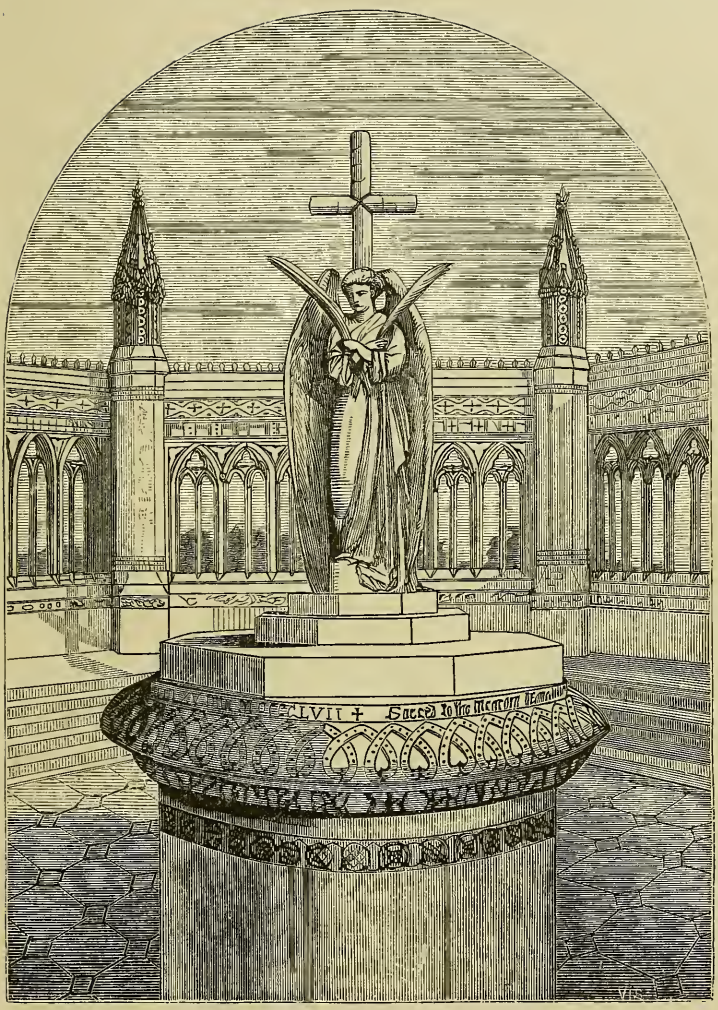
"I think not, my dear; they have learned that the English have power to crush any such rebellion, and I hope, besides, that they have more confidence in their pale rulers now than then. The men who were the leaders in this terrible tragedy have gone to their account. Those who led the soldiers in doing the deed were discovered and hanged. Tantia Topee, an intimate friend of Nana Sahib and a very bad man, was chased for months, and at last caught and hanged. The Nana and his immediate followers have doubtless died before now. Years ago they were wandering in terror among the jungles and forest of Nepaul; that is the last they have been heard from by the authorities. Truly, 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

But the short twilight has come, and soon the darkness will settle down upon us, so I will leave the remainder of my story "to be continued."

XI.

THE MISSIONARY MARTYRS.

WE were so much interested in the account of the mutiny that when we were again on the boat we asked father to tell us about the missionary martyrs. He said: "There was only one native regiment at Futtehgurh—no European soldiers at all. These had fought bravely in Burmah and in other places, and were considered very reliable. The people had greater fear of those from other places, and were constantly on their guard. This regiment, however, after pledging themselves by a most solemn oath to remain true to the British, joined the mutineers. On the third of June the missionaries heard that the troops at Bareilly and Shahjehanpore, only forty miles distant, had mutinied, and that a body of the Oude mutineers, consisting of an infantry and cavalry corps, were marching into the station. At Shahjehanpore they had murdered the minister, Rev. J. McCallum, and his congregation while they were



MEMORIAL MONUMENT OVER THE CAWNPORE WELL.

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at worship on the Sabbath. Only one escaped to tell the tale.

"A knowledge of these things spread consternation through the place. On the night of the third a consultation was held, and it was thought necessary to go to Cawnpore as soon as possible. The boats were secured, and they started early in the morning. Our missionaries had spent the night at the house of Mr. McLean, who lived near the mission premises and close to the river. They did what they could to encourage and strengthen the native Christians. Mr. Campbell walked several hours of the night in the garden with the native brethren. He told them that he felt less concern for himself than for them. None of the Hindoo or Mohammedan servants would accompany them, on account of leaving their families in danger, so three native Christians went with them.

"And now the company of Englishmen and Americans, with their families, start, the mission-band consisting of Rev. Messrs. John E. Freeman, David E. Campbell, Albert O. Johnson, Robert McMullin and their wives, with little Fannie and Willie Campbell, the whole party numbering about one hundred and thirty. They pass on in peace for eight miles, when at Rawalganj they see the vil-

lagers preparing to attack them. They are not armed, however, and the boats look formidable, so no harm is done. At Singarampore a number of Sepoys and desperate characters have assembled, who open a heavy fire on the little fleet. The fire is returned, and the boats move on.

"After passing this place it is determined to have all the mission party occupy one boat and use the other three for the luggage; this luggage is scanty, and soon plundered. They approach very near to Kasampore, a Mohammedan village, for the channel is on that side. They are fired upon, and one in one of the boats is severely wounded. They return the fire, and succeed in passing the village, though they are followed for nearly an hour and fired upon whenever the boats are near enough the bank. On the evening of the third day they go ashore to cook some food, and are closely watched. One of the zamindars, or landholders, musters his men and surrounds the party. They have to pay him five hundred dollars to be released; he is then willing to offer them all assistance in his power. They accept his offer of five men for a guard, but of the five only one remains on the boat.

"They start again, and on the evening of the fifth day the boat strikes an island five miles below

Bithoor, the residence of the Nana Sahib, and the same distance from Cawnpore. They made every effort to send a note to General Sir Hugh Wheeler in Cawnpore, entirely unconscious of the fact that Nana Sahib had entered the ranks of the mutineers. But Sir Hugh was besieged in his own entrenchments by the Nana and his party, and, of course, the efforts of the missionaries were without success. On the twelfth of June, their fourth day on the island, 'they saw some Sepoys crossing the bridge of boats connecting Oude with Cawnpore, but supposing they were on their way to Lucknow, it did not excite their fears, or even cause a suspicion that evil threatened their party.'

"They soon became aware of danger by receiving a heavy fire, which killed a child and a lady, with her native nurse. The party then left the boats and took shelter in the long grass. They wandered from place to place until they came to some trees and native huts near which was a well. They were refused water, but one of the native Christians with them brought some from the river.

"Weary and hopeless as to escape from death, to whom could they look but to their heavenly Father? Rev. Mr. Freeman read a portion of Scripture—words, doubtless, of promise and com-

fort. They sang a hymn. Yes, a Christian may sing, even at the gate of death! Then they all knelt, and Mr. Freeman poured out his soul in supplication to God. They find it good to draw near to God, and he draws near to them. Another hymn is sung, and Mr. Campbell speaks of the riches of grace in Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. The meeting closes with prayer, the last public one offered by any of the one hundred and twenty-six souls there assembled.

"They decide to throw their weapons into the river. Soon a boat-load of Sepoys arrives, and they are made prisoners. They are taken to Cawnpore, where they tell the Sepoys of their peaceful occupations, and protest against being molested. Some wish to let them go, but others say, 'No. Take them to Nana Sahib, and let the unclean foreigners be rooted out!' These were the stronger, and prevailed. The prisoners were bound with a small cord two by two—husband and wife, brother and sister. Mr. Campbell, thus tied to his wife, carried in his arms his little boy, Willie, and a friend took his little daughter, Fannie. These were the only children in the missionary party.

"The native Christians were told to make their

escape, and messages were sent to the church-members at Futtehgurh. It is now almost evening, and they are about to start, when their old friend, Mr. Maclean, makes a final effort for the release of the party. Knowing their love of money, he offers the Sepoys three hundred thousand rupees, or about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, if they would give the party their freedom, but there is no hesitation manifested in the reply made: 'It is *blood* we want, not money!'

"All hope is now gone. The march is begun. Guarded and watched in all their movements, they pass on slowly. They are helpless, and insulted by coarse remarks and jeers. Exhausted by anxiety and fasting, they go on languidly. At last some declare their inability to go farther. A halt is made, and the party, surrounded by their Sepoy guard, are permitted to remain all night. Water is offered, but nothing to eat. What a night that must have been to those poor, tired sufferers! It was a night of prayer, and God gave them strength for their day.

"They set out early in the morning. They have not gone far on their way when they meet three carriages sent by the Nana for the ladies, who are unable to walk farther. The party continue their

journey until they reach the station, when they are all shut up for an hour in a house by themselves. What occurred in that house and during that hour none can testify. That it was a solemn hour all must feel. At seven o'clock that morning (June 13th) 'they were released, marched to the parade-ground and ruthlessly shot. Peace be to their unburied ashes! No cold marble monument can be erected over their mutilated bodies, but their memory will not be lost.'"

Father had in his hand "The Martyred Missionaries," by Rev. Mr. Walsh, of Allahabad, and had read us parts of the story from that, telling us the remainder. I have read the book myself since, and wish every one else could do so. They would see how those dear men and women labored and suffered for Jesus.

I find that I have written another long letter, and still have not finished our journey. Have patience; I will bring you to this spot in my next.

XII.

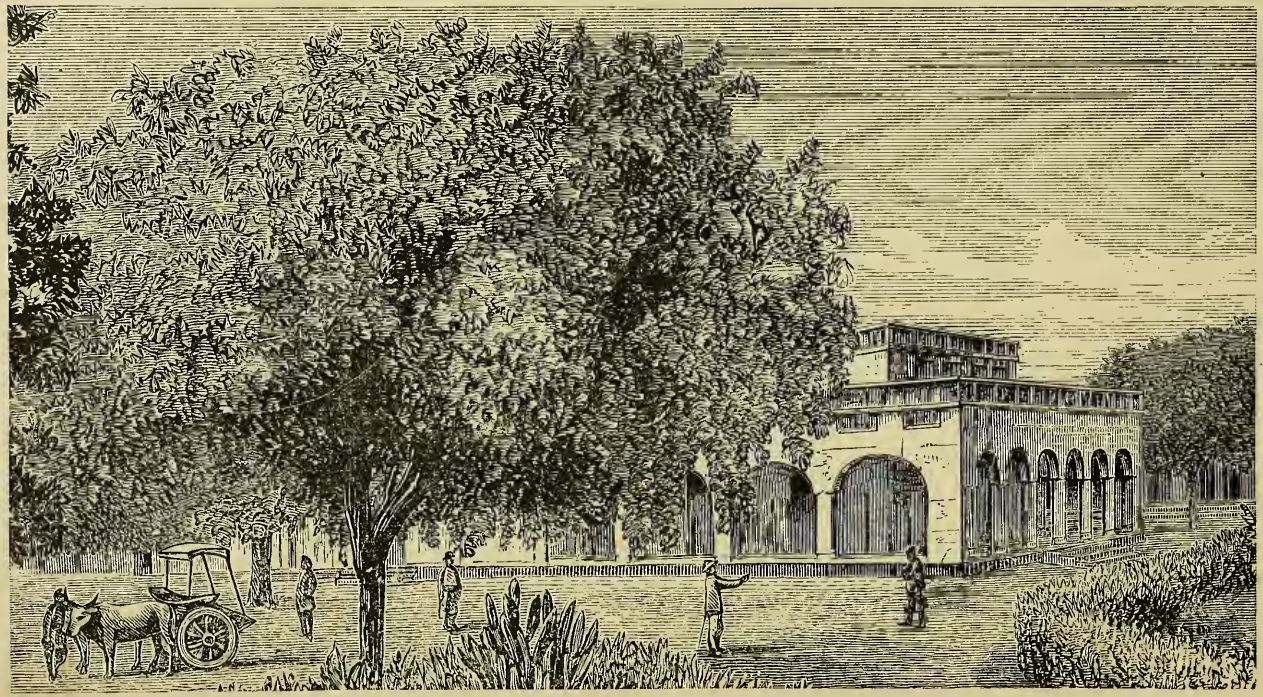
FUTTEHGURH AND FURRUKHABAD.

MY DEAR BROTHER: On we went up the river, past Kasampore, past other villages, almost looking for the Sepoys to fire upon us. But nothing could have been more peaceful than the appearance of the country. The mutiny happened years ago. At Singarampore we take a good look. This is considered a very holy place; it is noted for the number of its temples and its fakirs. A few hundred of these disgusting beggars live here, and are called "sons of Gunga." They have a story which runs in this way: "One of their gods, Ram, once cursed a fakir and caused a horn to grow out of his head. This fakir, happening to bathe at this place, found the water so efficacious that at the very moment he immersed his body in it his horn dropped and he was cured. In consequence of this the place immediately acquired a celebrity, and many temples were erected. A village of some two thousand people is now the

result, and nearly all the pilgrims stop there to take away in bottles some of its holy water."

We pass Rawalganj, and are told at last that the place of our destination is in sight. Futtehgurh is situated on what our countrymen would term a bluff. The name is given to the military cantonment, which extends about two miles along the bank of the river. The bungalows of the Europeans are "scattered and surrounded with grounds laid out with taste and embellished with pretty hedges and flowers of both hemispheres." The public buildings are there, as in other towns, plain and substantial. The kuchchery, or court-house, occupies here its usual position—a central and commanding one. Here we land for a stay of two or three days. That was day before yesterday, and we have enjoyed the time since in riding out and conversing with our friends the missionaries.

In one ride we went through the cantonment, then north to Furrukhabad. The old walls first attract the attention of a person from a free country. It was formerly a walled town, but since the British have ruled in India, the inhabitants have felt more secure than before, and have allowed the walls to fall, and in some places to disappear. As you enter the city a large Hindoo temple attracts your



Mission House near Furruckhabad.

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eye. This is the most expensive and elaborate of all their numerous temples, and was built with the profits of the distillery opposite the temple, both of which are owned by the same person. The city is well laid out, and is noted for its brass and copper works. It is also the point from which goods from Calcutta are distributed to the other northern cities.

We rode through the main street, a delightful drive of three miles. This street is very wide, and in some parts of it there are trees, very old and large, completely overshadowing the street and houses. I was surprised to see the crowd, though I need not have been, for the people of India seem to be absolutely innumerable. It was toward evening, when, Chat said, "everybody and his grandmother were out." They were dressed in their brightest colors, too; I can give you no idea of the scene. The nearest we ever come to it in our cities is when the flags are all flying and everybody in holiday attire. We had to send a man ahead of the carriage several times to open the way for us, and then were detained many minutes before he could make a passage for us through the dense throng. There are a number of gateways on this street which divide the city into sections. Like the walls, they are now unused, but under the native

government they were of great advantage in protecting the citizens during a night attack.

When a native becomes a Christian, and is baptized, he is from that hour an outcast, shunned and despised by all his former friends. Just think what a Hindoo has to give up if he is known to be a child of God! He can gain employment no longer among his own people; they will have nothing to do with him. Near Futtehgurh there is a village of these native Christians, and they are doing very much good. Let me tell you a little about these people. When the missionaries first came here, they started an orphan asylum. As these children grew up and married, the mission built them houses on a separate piece of land, so as to have them still near them, and where they could find something to do. This grew to be a village, and a very neat one it is. It consists of two rows of mud-walled buildings divided by a wide street which is lined with a row of trees on each side. At the end, facing the main road, there is a large gate, and at the other end, opposite the gate, is a very respectable-sized village hall, which is used for holding public meetings, chiefly, however, for those of the Bible classes and panchaiyat or court of inquiry.

FUTTEHGURH MISSION SCHOOL.

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At the time of the mutiny there were two hundred of these people, and they showed how sincerely they loved the Saviour by remaining true to their profession. We were told about a number of these faithful people, but I will repeat the story of only one. Rev. Gopee Nauth Nundy was one of the first members of the mission church. He and his wife were forced to fly from home, and wandered, not knowing whither to turn, until their feet were blistered and fatigue, heat and hunger had almost exhausted them. Accompanied by three of their little ones, they had to endure the agony of their piteous crying and suffering. At one time robbed of their clothes and Bible and at another time beaten with many stripes. They were confined to the stocks and made to sit in a burning sun, and during this more than once threatened with instant death. Life was offered, and with it emoluments of the highest character, on condition that they would deny their faith and accept in its stead the doctrines of Mohammed, but all without avail, for Jesus and eternal life were worth more than life and all its honors. If you would like to read his story, you will find it told in "The Martyrs of the Mutiny," which you may have seen.

Rev. R. S. Fullerton, one of the missionary

band, who has since entered his glorious rest, visited the native village at Futtehgurh after the mutiny. He found it a desolate scene. The survivors pressed around him with delight, and told with tears what they had suffered and how the Lord had spared them. He found six blind orphan girls and one man named Lullu, besides a leper named Khurga. They had been driven from their homes at the beginning of the rainy season. But I will use the words of Mr. Fullerton:

"The Hindoos turn away from those of their own caste who are afflicted in this manner, because they look upon their sufferings as the just retribution of heaven upon them for their sins in a former birth. What, then, could these poor Christians expect from them? They, no doubt, expected little, and little they received. They were sometimes days and nights without shelter, and had it not been that He who hears the young ravens when they cry sheltered them and provided for them, they must have perished. I found them living under a miserable shed. All were there but one. Their poverty surpassed anything that I ever saw. All they possessed in the world would not have been sold for twenty-five cents in the streets of New York or Philadelphia. Hearing my voice,

they were overjoyed. At one time they no doubt felt that their friends and teachers had all been killed, and that they would never meet any of us again, and hence we need not wonder at their joy. I found poor Lullu lying on the ground, sick of fever, and with nothing but a few rags to cover him. I asked him if he had found Christ precious during the long months of suffering through which he had passed. His reply was, 'Oh yes! in dukh (pain) and in sukh (joy) he is ever the same.'

"As I was returning I met poor blind Susan, who, I had heard, was in search of me. A little boy was leading her. I asked her who she was, and her reply was, 'I am a poor blind girl; I have been looking for my padre (minister), but cannot find him.' When she learned who I was, her lips trembled with emotion, while she thanked me for coming to see them.

"'Oh, sir,' she said, 'it is very kind of you to come so far to look after poor blind people like us.'"

Have I written too much about the terrible mutiny, my dear brother? I know that it is not a pleasant subject to dwell upon, but I feel so much for those who have suffered in it that my account would become longer than I meant to have it. My next letter will be of new people and new scenes.

XIII.

THE SADHS, AND A BAPTISM.

DEAR ARGYLE: Chat was out this morning, looking around as usual, and gave us an amusing description of a man whom he saw in Furrukhabad. He had a piece of thin muslin tied over his mouth. Chat asked some one what it was for, and was told that the man did it to prevent inhaling insects. We learned that he belonged to a class of people called Sadhs. Dear me! I shall never learn all the kinds of people in India; there seems to be no end to the variety. Well, these Sadhs do all such funny things as tying up their mouths. The water they drink has to be strained through several fine cloths for the same purpose. They reject all the usual forms of salutation, and say that they believe in one God, but the missionaries think they are atheists. They have no book like our Bible or the Koran, and have no churches or temples. Their meetings are secret, and little is known of them. There are not many of them.

We are told that some of them have learned to believe in Jesus. One old man, who was a banker of great wealth, bought a New Testament from one of the ministers. He read it very diligently, and asked the minister to explain what he did not understand. On finishing Matthew, he said, "What is the reason that every one speaks against this book? It is incomparable! I have never seen a book like it! Never have I seen or heard of a character like that of Jesus Christ! Such love and such patience! There is not one among you Christians who at all equals him! This book has destroyed all my religion! Your Christ seems to shut rich men like me out of heaven!" Hearing the old gentleman praise the book in this way, several of his friends have begun to read it. These Sadhs welcome the ladies of the mission into their houses, and the only trouble is that there are so few to go to teach them the way of life. That is the difficulty at every station, they say—there are so many ready to hear, but so few to teach them. I do hope the good folks at home will give a great deal of money this year and send out a number of missionaries.

One of those stationed here has written a description of the baptism of a family near Chibra Mau,

one of the out-stations a few miles distant. I think you would like to hear it, so I'll give you a part of it, after telling you something of the man. He lives in a little village about a mile from Chibra Mau, and his name is Ratn Das. He was a fakir, and went from one place of pilgrimage to another, hoping to find peace to his troubled mind, but all in vain. Finally, he gave up that kind of life, bought a little place and married. Still he was not satisfied. Then he became acquainted with the catechist of Chibra Mau, the Pundit Mohan Lál (pundit means teacher), who told him the good news of salvation. He felt that he had found at last what he had so long sought, and became a Christian. The people told him that he had done two very foolish things. They said, "After making so many pilgrimages and laying up so much merit, you destroyed much of that merit in abandoning that life and marrying a wife, but now you have utterly undone *all*, in that you have left the religion of your fathers to become a Christian; you are now only a Bunghi" (outcast). The writer says:

"On Monday I received a letter from the Pundit Mohan Lál, our excellent catechist in charge, of a part of which the following is a translation:

"'May the grace of God be ever on you, honorable people! Let it be known to your honor that it is exceedingly proper to give baptism to the inquirer, Ratu Das, nor is there any kind of hindrance in his family; so it is well that your honor make no delay, but read Acts xi. 11, 12, and come as quickly as possible.'" The minister with a friend went at this request. They traveled by night, as the day was too hot, in a covered ox-cart. They were cordially received by the pundit, at whose house they spent the heat of the day. When the sun began to decline, they went to the village of Ratn Das.

"Arriving there," we read, "we found a large audience of village people, men and women, assembled to see what was to be done, for it was rumored everywhere that the Padre Sahib had come, bringing some filthy stuff with which to feed Ratn Das, and thus make him a Christian. There is no pulpit or table or chair or bench, but a clean white spread on the ground in the front of the house, on which we take our seats. Ratn Das and his wife are examined as to their faith in Christ and object in seeking baptism. Their examination is clear and satisfactory. The missionary then reads the story of the prodigal son, and instructs the people

that here are prodigals returned to their Father's house, entreats them also to arise and go to their heavenly Father. Then we sing a hymn, and now, in the presence of all the people, Ratn Das and his wife, leading their little one, come forth and kneel down on the white cloth before the missionary, the little wondering child between them.

"The missionary asks them, 'Do you believe in and confess one only God, Maker of heaven and earth? You have believed in and worshiped many gods and many idols: do you renounce them all? Do you confess yourselves to be sinners against God, needing to be saved from sin? You have done many things: you, Ratn Das, have made many pilgrimages to do away your sins; do you believe that you have done anything whatever of merit by all you have done, or do you, abandoning all hope from your own works, trust only in the Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, who gave his life for our salvation? And this your child, do you promise to bring her up as a disciple of Christ, to teach her, pray for her and with her that she may with you inherit eternal salvation?'

"As they answer these questions one by one before the people, the water—in no silver chalice, but in a brazen cup—is handed to the missionary. The

solemn words so often uttered since the Lord first sent forth preachers of his gospel are heard again: 'Ratn Das, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Again we pray that the Lord would bless these new disciples, and bless the people who have beheld the holy ordinance.

"The other minister then made a short address to the congregation. Yet a few more words, and we sang to a native tune a favorite hymn, beginning,

'To take away the punishment of sin,
Jesus endured the agonizing cross!'

"The benediction pronounced, the audience quietly dispersed. Not an unseemly act had disturbed the first baptism in Jorka's Nagara."

Good-bye, dear brother; when you hear from us again, we shall probably have gone farther on our way.

XIV.

THE MOHAMMEDANS.

DEAR BROTHER: Here we are at Agra with our beds and baggage. The former we have learned never to forget if we want anything more than a bedstead to rest upon. An American wonders at first at the great bundle covered with native carpet, looking like a peddler's pack, which he sees every European take into his car. The fact is, when a person goes away from home, he must take his bedding and frequently his bed with him. People consider India such a temporary abode that they provide themselves with only personal necessities. Consequently, when you go to visit a friend, you are shown a room with a low single bedstead, which you must furnish yourself. If you go to a hotel, it is the same. A party who stopped at this same hotel a few months since were furnished with only three sheets for seven persons, and were even accused of stealing one of these.

We have been talking about the Taj Mahal as if we were making a pilgrimage to it. I have not yet seen it, so in this letter I will tell you something of the people.

The majority of those we have seen before in India are Hindoos, but this is decidedly a Mohammedan city. You see the tall, dignified Mussulmans going about the streets as if they were the rulers of the land. They never forget that they once did govern India, nor that they *may* some time in the distant future regain their former position. They make me think of the Pharisee who prayed "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men!" They look down with contempt upon the idol worshipers of the land, and think us but little better because we do not believe in the great prophet, Mohammed, and we *do* believe in Jesus as the Saviour of our souls.

Some of the elderly men look as we might have pictured to our minds the old prophets with their long, flowing beard and lofty bearing. Their beard, by the way, must be worn, for their religion does not allow them to shave. Some of the younger men, however, do shave all but their mustache, which, Chat says, represents the whole growth. I suppose that is the way they reason; I

don't know how else. When they go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, or during their great yearly fast, they do not use the razor. They wear loose pyjamas, or trowsers, sometimes of silk or other costly material, a flowing gown of cotton or silk, with a turban and shoes. The turban seems to be a fixture on the head during the day. The grossest insult a Mohammedan can receive is to have his turban knocked off or taken off in any way.

Of the women, except the lower classes, we have seen nothing yet, and as our stay is to be so short, we shall probably have no chance to see them at home. Mother has been reading an account of them by Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, a lady who spent twelve years among them. She shows us what is taking place in the zenana. The married women apply a preparation of antimony, called missee, to their lips, gums, and occasionally to the teeth, so as to produce a "rich black." The eyelids are also penciled with prepared black, or karjil, composed chiefly of lampblack. The eyebrows are examined, that no stray hair shall destroy the beauty of the arch. The mayndhie is applied to her hands and feet, which restores the bright red color considered so becoming and healthy. Her jewels are numerous and costly. In the nose is a ring, often as

large as one of her bangles or bracelets, though much lighter. It is made of gold wire, with pearls and a ruby between them of great value. At meals the lady often has to hold the ring aside with her left hand while she conveys food to her mouth with the other. This is only removed during the mohurrim (a religious anniversary, lasting ten days, commemorating the death of two early leaders of the Mohammedans), at widowhood or at her death.

Her ears are pierced in several places. Gold and silver rings form a broad fringe on each side of her head. When dressed for some great event, as paying a visit or receiving company, these rings give place to strings of pearls and emeralds, which fall in rows from the upper part of her ear to her shoulder. Her hair, which is black and beautiful, is washed, dried, oiled and put up so as to remain for a week. They are very particular about their teeth, but will not use English brushes because they are made of hogs' bristles, the swine being, in their estimation, about the most unclean of all animals; with no part of it will they have anything to do.

Now for the dress. The pyjamas are of various materials, but often of satin, gold cloth, striped

washing silk, fine chintz, etc. They are worn quite full, falling over the feet, and are confined at the waist by a wide ribbon of gold or silver tissue, the ends of which hang down before, finished with rich tassels which reach below the knee. These tassels are often ornamented with pearls and jewels. The waist worn is close-fitting and usually ornamented. Over this boddice is thrown the courtee of thread net, falling over, but not concealing, the rich finish of the pyjamas, and itself adorned with gold or silver ribbons, used as trimming on the seams and hems. The deputtah, or chuddah, is the outside covering and most graceful of the whole. In shape and size it is like a large sheet. On ordinary occasions it is simply bound with silver ribbon, but for dress it is richly trimmed with embroidery and gold bullion. It is worn on the back of the head, and falls in graceful folds over the person. When standing, it is crossed in front, one end partially screening the figure, the other thrown over the opposite shoulder. They rarely stand, but when distinguished guests or their elders among their relatives are announced, they never omit this mark of respect. They arise and arrange their drapery, advance a few steps from their place and embrace their visitor three

times in due form. They end by salaaming, with the head bowed very low, the open hand raised to the forehead three times in succession with solemnity and dignity.

They never wear stockings, and only cover their feet with shoes when pacing across the courtyard of their house. Their walks do not extend beyond this, for, like the Hindoo ladies of high caste, they are prisoners for life. They, however, live in more luxury than the Hindoos, and have more fancy-work to occupy their time. There is one fact which is in favor of the Hindoos: they usually have but one wife; the Mohammedan often has many. Still there is one who is the chief lady of the harem, and though neglected by her husband for some more beautiful wife, she retains her position. In receiving visitors, which in fine weather is in the courtyard, she sits on her *musnud* or throne in the centre. They salaam as they enter her presence.

None of the other ladies are allowed a musnud. The rank of the lady is usually indicated by the structure and appearance of the carpet and the musnud. The latter consists of a large cushion, covered with gold cloth or embroidered silk and velvet, and is placed upon a carpet about two yards square. Two smaller cushions are placed upon the larger to

support the knees, as the lady sits with her limbs crossed. To be invited to a seat upon the musnud indicates equality in the visitor, or profound respect in the hostess. Should the visitor be of very superior station, or the hostess anxious to show her the highest possible form of respect, she resigns her cushions altogether, which the visitor occupies. A seat even upon the carpet is an honor; how much more, then, the resignation of the musnud itself! In the houses of those of high rank each wife has her own harem, her own musnud, her own reception-rooms and halls.

Mrs. Hassan Ali speaks of these purdah women (or women behind the curtain—*purdah* means curtain) as contented with their lot, and apparently happy in their secluded life. I am sure they must be different from American girls and women if they are so, for we should want to see what was going on outside, and would give the lords of creation more trouble than if they allowed us to be free; don't you think so?

XV.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

WE have been out to see Agra. It comes nearer the ideal I had formed of an Oriental city than any one we have before visited. "It is Oriental, but verily not Hindoo—a splendid exotic, flowering in beauty and brilliancy beside the dark and ugly forms of Vishnu and Siva." So says Dr. Macleod, and yet the city is not so grand in appearance as one would think from a distant view. It contains about sixty thousand or seventy thousand inhabitants, and extends along the river in the form of a semicircle over a space about four miles long and three in width. We go first to the Taj Mahal, three miles from Agra, on the west bank of the Jumna.

There is a beautiful carriage road leading to it, and while we are driving out I will tell you what this famous building is. It is a mausoleum or sepulchre reared by Shah Jehan for his wife, and contains his own dust also. Do you ask who

Shah Jehan was? Biographers usually begin with the father or grandfather, so I'll first mention his grandfather, who was the famous Akbar. His father was Jehanghir. He was the first ruler in India who received an ambassador from England. That was in the reign of James I. "Jehanghir married a famous beauty, Niher-ul-Nissa, the widow of Sher Afgan, who, four years previously, had been assassinated by this same Jehanghir. Her name was changed first into Noor Mahal, 'the light of the harem,' and afterward to Noor Jehan, 'the light of the world.' Jehanghir had *impaled eight hundred* of the race of Timour who were 'in his way' to the throne. Shah Jehan succeeded him, having murdered his own brother in order to do so. He married Arzumund Banoo, the niece of 'the light of the harem'—the daughter of her brother. Upon her elevation to this position her name was changed, according to Oriental custom, to Mumtazee Zumanee, 'the paragon of the age.'"

The Taj and all the fine buildings of Agra and Delhi were planned by a Frenchman named Austin de Bordeaux. He had finished the Taj and begun a similar sepulchre for Shah Jehan on the other side of the river, which was to have been connected with

this Taj by a silver bridge, when he died, and the work was never resumed. He had built the palaces of Delhi and Agra, and was engaged in designing a silver ceiling for one of the galleries of the latter when he was sent for by the emperor to settle some affairs of great importance at Goa. He died at Cochin on his way back. He is supposed to have been poisoned by the Portuguese, who were jealous of his influence at court.

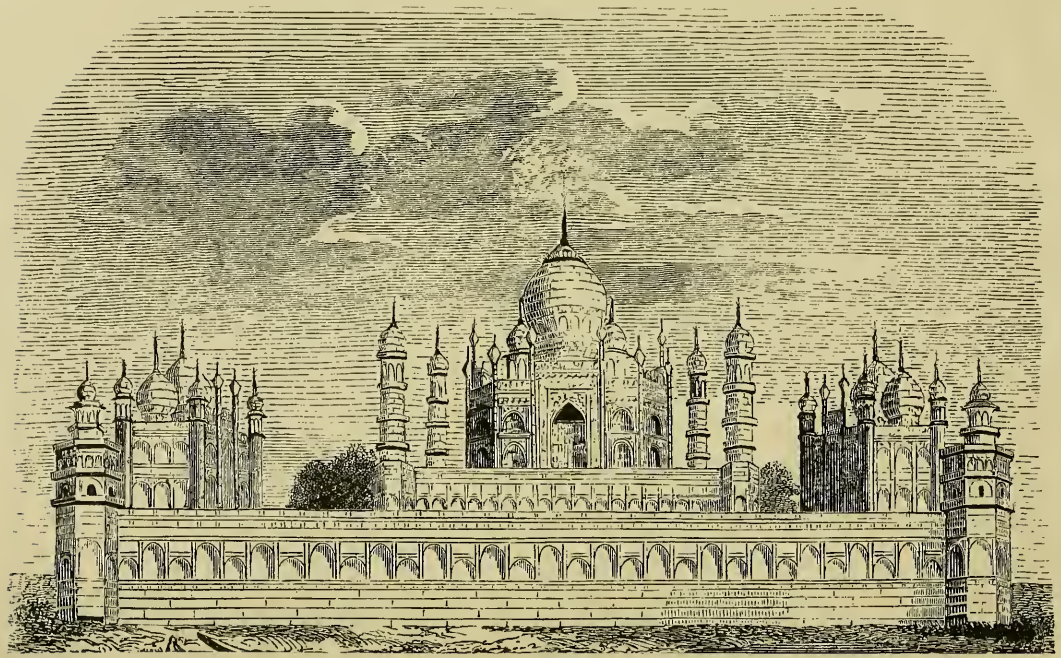
The "paragon of the age" was laid to sleep in her magnificent resting-place, and not many years after her husband was laid beside her. Father says the Taj cost upward of three millions of pounds sterling. Just think of it! fifteen millions of dollars! Twenty thousand workmen were engaged upon it for twenty-two long years. In our country we know nothing about wealth compared with that of some of those old moguls.

But we are approaching the famous Taj Mahal, "the gem of India and the world, the koh-i-noor of architecture." We first see white marble minarets rising above the trees, then we come to a grand portal of the extensive grounds around it. This entrance of itself is a beautiful building of red sandstone, inlaid with white and black marble and various colored stones. Its rooms are arched

and spacious. We are taken to the upper story, and from a great open arch we behold the Taj. Dr. Macleod, whom I have quoted before, says at this point, "All sensible travelers here pause when attempting to describe this building, and protest that the attempt is folly, and betrays only an unwarranted confidence in the power of words to give any idea of such a vision in stone." Bishop Heber said that after all he had heard of the Taj, its beauty far exceeded his expectations.

Surely, if such were the feelings of these great men and finished writers, you cannot expect *me* to give you any idea of the magnificence of the place. This I will, of course, not attempt, but will write some plain words of description that may point out to your mind the general direction of the beautiful in this work of art. In doing so I shall sometimes use the words of others more competent for the task than I.

We are looking out through the great arch over the gateway. Before us is a broad white marble canal, often full of clear water. At its end rises the platform on which the Taj is built. "Each side of the canal is bordered by tall dark cypress trees, and on feast days about eighty fountains—twenty-two being in the centre—fling their cooling



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.—VIEW FROM THE RIVER JUMNA.

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spray along its whole length, while trees of every shade and plants of sweetest odor fill the rest of the garden." The first platform of the Taj is of red sandstone, and a thousand feet square. At each of two opposite sides is a mosque facing inward. Only the one on the left, or west side, can be used for worship, because the faces of the people must be turned toward Mecca (west). The pulpit is always against the dead wall at the back, and the audience face toward it, with backs to the open front.

Above this platform rises a second one about twenty feet high, and occupying a place of three hundred and fifty feet square. Upon this are the celebrated structures that form the Taj. "These buildings consist of the tomb itself, which is an octagon (or rather a square with the corners cut off), surmounted by an egg-shaped dome of about seventy feet in circumference, and of four minarets about a hundred and fifty feet high, which shoot up like columns of light into the blue sky." All this is of pure white marble—as pure and fresh as when first erected. This climate does not affect it as ours would. I said all was white; the pavement of the platform on which the buildings rest is of white and yellow marble, laid in alternate squares,

and there is one other exception—the precious stones inlaid in "the ornamented work of an exquisite flower pattern which wreathes the doors and wanders toward the dome, one huge mosaic of inlaid stones of different colors."

We walk along the central marble canal, ascend the platform, cross the marble pavement and enter the Taj. It is more beautiful on close inspection than at a distance, so finely is it finished. It is grand, and shows us what man may do. I felt as I stood there something of the power which God gives us. If we would but employ our talents under his direction, we could all build, in one way or another, something which would far surpass the Taj when viewed from the heavenward side of Jordan. Yes, I thought, we *are* building constantly: is it only a tomb to cover our decaying bodies, or a part of the temple above composed of living stones?

But I must not stop to moralize. We enter the central hall. This room is noted for its exquisite workmanship. The walls, screens and tombs are crowned with flowers and inscriptions from the Koran in beautiful mosaic of precious stones. Just before us as we enter is the screen which is so celebrated a part of the Taj. "Divided into several compartments and panels, it sweeps around

the marble cenotaphs that lie within it and represent the real tombs seen in the vault beneath. It is of purest marble, so pierced and carved as to look like a high fence of exquisite lace-work, but is really far more refined and beautiful, for everywhere along those panels are wreaths of flowers composed of lapis lazuli, jasper, heliotrope, chalcedony, cornelian, etc., so that to make one of the hundreds of these bouquets a hundred different stones are required. The Florence mosaic-work does not surpass it."

We lingered long in this room. Every brilliant flower upon the screen or the high-arched walls was a study and a delight. The carving on the cenotaphs and the sides of the platform they occupied showed us the perfect work of the chisel. Over the tomb of the famous woman occupying the centre of the room, amid wreaths of flowers, worked in black letters, are passages from the Koran. One ends with, "And defend us from the tribe of unbelievers." This was planned by Shah Jehan. His tomb is at the side, and has nothing from the Koran on it, only flowers of mosaic-work, his name and the date of his death.

This was erected by his son, Aurungzebe, who was called "the man of prayer." He was very at-

tentive to the forms of his religion, never forgetting the five prayers a day, yet one who reads of his treatment of his father and his own brothers can see that he was far from doing right at all times. His reverence for the Koran was such that he would not put its holy words anywhere, even on his father's tomb, if there were a possibility of the foot of man ever touching them.

We went out again, and walked around the building on the marble pavement. Many new beauties and more exquisite carving appeared than we could see at a first glance. We looked up at the minarets that stand as mighty sentinels at the corners. Each one is a lofty tower. We passed down the twenty steps and saw the paneling of the sides of the great base of the structure, and began to have some idea of its grandeur. We took our station at different distances from it to view it once more. Finally we stood again in the arch over the gateway, and the pure white buildings rising out of the rich dark foliage were so impressed on one mind at least as to make a fadeless picture there. For some of the other sights of Agra, wait for my next. I cannot begin anything else on the same day that I have written of the Taj.

XVI.

THE FORT AND THE PEARL MOSQUE.

AFTER viewing the Taj, the next object of interest in Agra is the fort, and thither we bent our steps to-day. Chat was very anxious to see it, for you know he enjoys anything in the military line, but I had not much curiosity on the subject, for I expected to see an ordinary fort such as I had seen before. You may imagine my surprise, then, when father explained to me on the way what I might expect to find in this one. It is a custom in India, he says, as it is in some other countries, to have the royal palaces within the fort for protection. Here, then, I was to see the palace of the great Sultan Akbar, with the royal mosque and all the buildings necessary for royalty.

The fort itself is very imposing. It is built of red sandstone, the walls about eighty feet high. Within we find the audience-hall, the rooms for the numerous retainers, the zenanas, the mosques, the

dwellings of the soldiery and buildings for arms and for stores of provisions for man and beast. These buildings are not crowded, either; there is a good deal of space for walking, so you may imagine the fort to cover a large piece of ground. "During the mutiny, upward of five thousand fugitives found refuge within a comparatively small portion of its interior." Some of our missionaries were of these, and remained until it was safe for them to depart.

We entered the audience-hall of Akbar, which is now an armory. It is said to be one hundred and eighty feet long and sixty wide, and is supported by graceful arches. The throne is still there, but without an occupant. We were shown a great curiosity in this room, the sandal-wood gates of the Hindoo temple of Somnauth. They were carried away from the temple as trophies by Mahmoud of Guznee in Afghanistan more than a thousand years ago. They were recovered by English soldiers under General Nott, which fact greatly rejoiced the Hindoos. The chief objects in the fort are the buildings erected by Shah Jehan, the Pearl Mosque and the apartments of the zenana. The plan and decoration of the palaces reveal the same mind as the one that originated Shah Jehan's sepulchre.

The Mootee Musjed, or Pearl Mosque, is a perfect gem of art. It opens into the marble court and garden, which are bounded on the opposite side by the palace of the zenana. This palace forms a striking contrast to the zenana apartments of most of the dwellings in India, either of the Hindoos or Mohammedans. You pass through a series of rooms, opening one into another, all of pure marble. There are balconies with delicate pillars and projecting roofs; balustrades in lacelike open patterns with no ornaments but gilding. There are "rivulets of water streaming from room to room along marble beds; gardens of flowers and precious exotics, the creepers running over trellises and shading from the heat the pathways across the marble floors, and mingling with the flying spray of fountains; and this on and on, from room to room, from balcony to balcony, from court to court. And then there are two recesses impervious to heat whose walls are formed of innumerable small mirrors, with lamps without number, by which tiny waterfalls used to be illumined from behind, as they flowed into marble fonts, and thence issued in bubbling rivulets or sprang in fluttering jets of spray of delicious coolness."

I said at once that the people who lived here in

such splendor ought to have been happy, if any one could be, but mother reminded me that they had not the true happiness, and I pitied them instead. I pitied them that they had to leave this delight with no other for their future. Father said we must see the dark side of their earthly lot as well as the bright and beautiful, and we descended to a lower story. Farther down still we went into empty cells and dark caverns that made me shudder. Deep down go the mysterious stairs and winding passages. There are many evidences, we are told, of beings having been taken to some of these unearthly places and executed. Some who have explored these hidden recesses tell of a well or pit with ropes hung from poles across its mouth, from which hung skeleton bodies of females.

"In the time of Lord Metcalfe, some engineer officers found their way blocked up by a wall where no wall should be. They pierced through it for about eleven feet, and then emerging upon the other side, found the skeletons of a young man and of an old and young woman. A well was there, but no means of drawing water from it. A beautiful view could be had from the spot, but no way of escape." We saw this place; how cruel he must have been who walled up these poor wretches

thus to pine away and die of starvation. Mother said, as we stood there, "'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.'"

But enough of this. I was glad to get out to the daylight, and something of the same feeling comes over me as I write. Again we stood in the beautiful palace, which seemed miles away from the horrid vaults beneath it. We looked out from a balcony upon a magnificent prospect. There was the Jumna winding its way through the country; there the pure stately Taj in its setting of green, and in another direction the city of Agra. We were just outside the fort, when from the minarets of the various mosques we were startled by the call to prayer. It was sunset. This has been mentioned so often by travelers among the Mohammedans that I need say but little about it, though it deeply impressed me. At the sound every Mohammedan falls upon his knees for prayer.

We stopped the carriage to watch them. One man near us first rubbed his hands, knees and head with dust. Father says it is enjoined upon them to bathe as the first act of worship, but if no water is near, this rubbing with dust answers the purpose. He then spread his prayer-carpet of fine matting on the ground and faced Mecca. At first he stood

erect, his hands lifted up, the palms held out toward heaven, where his eyes also turned. Then he prostrated himself, his forehead touching the ground. The prayer here used expresses "unworthiness of the creature permitted to approach and worship the Creator." He then knelt in prayer, after which the prostrations were resumed. Another man repeated these five times. He was more devout than they usually seem to be, but they never forget the times of prayer. When the call comes from the minarets, they always obey it. I don't know what they would think if they knew how often Christian people allow something to keep them away from worship, in public or in private. Yesterday, Chat saw some men who were building. They had a heavy stone raised almost to the height they wanted it. Just then came the call to pray, and they let the stone go down, losing all their hard labor. Two or three more minutes would have put the stone in its place.

Father says they divide their time into four equal parts or watches, called purrhs. The night is divided in the same way. The watches are subdivided into ghurries, or hours, which vary with the change of season. The day is from the earliest dawn to the last decline of the light. In this lati-

tude the twilight is very short. Their way of measuring time is this, although clocks have come into the country with other European conveniences, and are used. They have a brass vessel with a small aperture at the bottom. This being floated on a tank or a pan of water, one drop forces its way every second through the hole into the floating vessel. Marks are made upon the vessel, outside and in, to show the number of ghurries by the depth of water drawn into it. In some places a certain division of time is marked by the sinking of the vessel. Every hour, as it passes, is struck by a man on duty with a hammer on a broad plate of bell-metal suspended to the branch of a tree or to a nail. The durwan (gatekeeper) or the chokeedars (watchmen) keep the time.

In most establishments the watchmen are on guard two at a time, and are relieved at every watch, day and night. They are punctual in this, if they do appear to take their own time in other matters, for their services of prayer are scrupulously performed at the appointed time. They have five prayers a day—one at dawn, the second at the second watch, or mid-day, the third at the third watch, the fourth at sunset and the fifth at the fourth ghurrie of the night. Mohammed observed

another, called tahujjoot, at the third watch of the night. Those who are very devout follow his example.

Father says there are two sects of Mohammedans who think very little of each other; they are called Sheahs and Soonies. The leaders of the former are called imaums, those of the latter, caliphs. The Turks are Soonies, the Persians, Sheahs. Most of the Mussulmans, from the river Euphrates to the Atlantic, are Soonies; those east of the Euphrates, Sheahs.

Here both are represented, and perhaps in nearly equal numbers. The Sheahs observe ten days of the Arabic month, called Mohurrim, as "a period of deep humiliation and sorrowful remembrance," being the anniversary of the death of two of their early leaders, Hassan and Hosein. The Soonies look upon these leaders as having been usurpers and lawfully put to death by the reigning caliph. This being the case, there are usually contests between the two parties at the time of the Mohurrim. Those who observe the Mohurrim lay aside all ornament and live on the plainest fare during the time. They spend large sums of money, however, on the processions and trappings, the gifts to the poor and the valuable mourning and em-

broidery, never used again. It is said that the wealth of the Mohammedans in India may generally be estimated by the display they make at the Mohurrim.

There is another period of the year considered a peculiarly solemn one, and observed as a fast by all "the faithful." It is called the Ramazàn, and has just begun. The Mohammedan year has in it twelve lunar months. As ours has thirteen, the Ramazàn in so many years makes the complete circuit of our calendar. It lasts just a month, during which time the Mussulmans fast from sunrise to sunset, nor do they use their favorite hookah, or pipe, but make up for it by eating very heartily at night. It is said that, even with this privilege, the wives complain that their husbands are very irritable during the time.

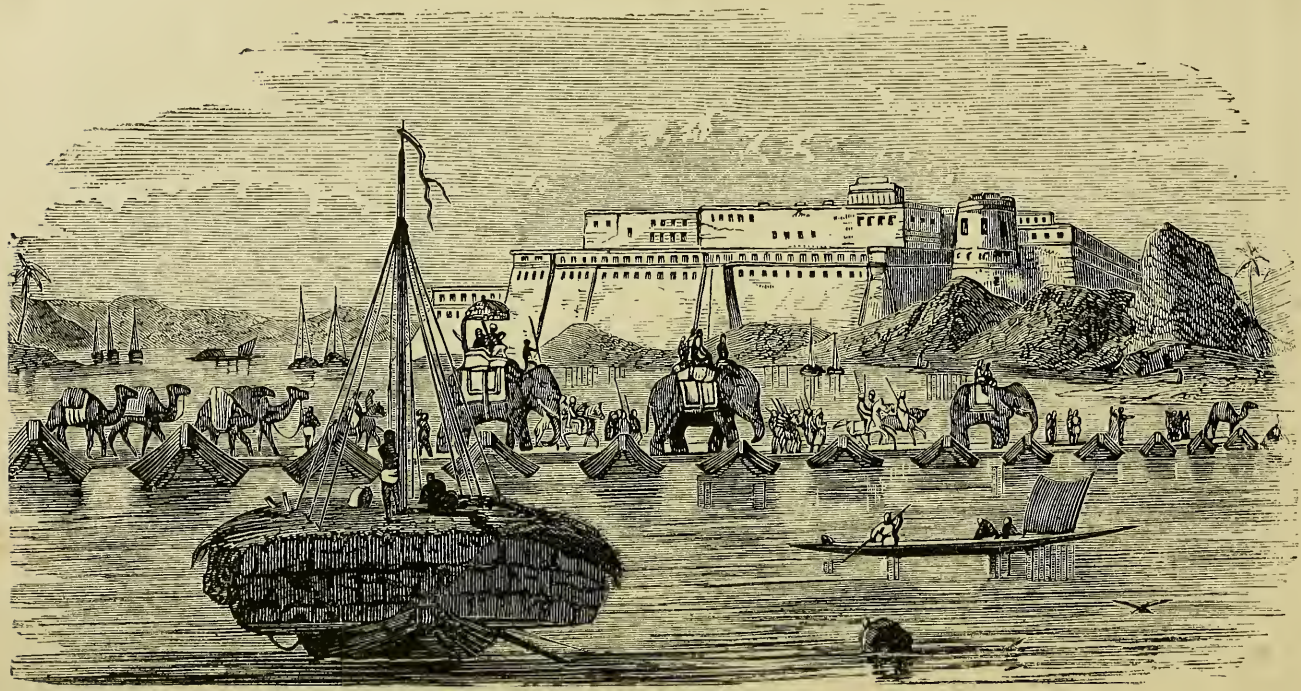
So much for Agra, which we expect to leave to-morrow. I hope we shall hear from you at Delhi.

XVII.

DELHI.

DELHI is a strange old place. The natives call it Shahjehanabad, as it was chiefly built by Shah Jehan. Chat thinks the "bad" is the right word to end the name of a city, for there is bad enough in all of them. The old patriarchs here would not like his translation of the word, though. Take, for instance, Allahabad, the city of Allah—that is, the city of God. They would be shocked to have any one hint that it is otherwise than holy. This Shahjehanabad was once the grand capital of the Mohammedan government, and is still the home of "the faithful." You see some stately Afghans and milder Sikhs in the street, but not many Hindoos. The present city is a walled one, of about seven miles in circumference, and contains not far from one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

We have been out several times seeing the sights. They are new to us, though many of them are in



DELHI AND ITS BRIDGE OF BOATS.

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reality very old. The two points of interest are the palace and the Great Mosque, and they are magnificent. Here is the same mind that planned the Taj and the same royal wealth that built it. A writer says that Shah Jehan literally "found Agra and Delhi brick and left them marble." The palace is three thousand feet long and eighteen hundred wide. It can afford space in its great open court for ten thousand horsemen. When the mutiny broke out, there were in it five thousand persons, including three thousand of the blood royal. A Mohammedan king found it necessary to have a large guard, which, with his numerous wives, officers and servants, occupied considerable space.

We passed through the entrance, a splendid building, into the interior court, beyond which is the great hall of audience, or *diwan-i-kass*, two hundred and eight feet long and seventy-six broad. It is all of white marble, and once contained the famous peacock throne. It is said that untold jewels have been plundered from this place. The private hall of audience has inlaid in its marble precious stones of every hue, and grouped in exquisite patterns. We passed through the court of the harem, with its balconies "looking down into

once beautiful gardens on the banks of the Jumna." We went through marble halls, and saw where luxurious baths had been; we had glimpses at every turn of the splendors of the mogul court.

The Jumna Musjid, or Great Mosque, rises in spotless purity with its dome and minarets like other mosques, yet with greater size, more beautiful courts around it and more exquisite finish throughout. The dome and minarets are becoming quite familiar to me. I like these mosques; they are beautiful without and cheerful within, just such structures as seem to me fitted for the worship of the true God. I only wish he were worshiped here in spirit and in truth.

Outside of the new city is what is left of the old. Acres and acres of ruins are here; they cover an area of forty-six square miles. It is said that Delhi has three times changed its site since it was founded in 57 B. C., which accounts for the large space covered. About nine or ten miles from the palace is what is called the kootab minar. This is a large tower two hundred and fifty feet in height, with four projecting galleries or balconies at different distances from the ground, and of different designs. A stairway of three hundred and eighty steps winds within and leads to the top, where a

splendid view is obtained. Father says that some suppose this to be a great column of victory, while others think it to have been intended for one minaret of an immense mosque; the others were never finished. At its base are ruins of a large mosque, which would seem to confirm this last opinion.

Here are carved pillars which once belonged to a palace. Here, too, are the famous arches of Delhi, three larger ones and three smaller ones, belonging to the same building. They are the pointed arch, beautifully carved, the central one of the large ones being fifty-two feet high and twenty-two feet wide.

Near the kootab is a pillar fifty feet high (twenty-two above ground), one single piece of wrought iron and entirely without rust. But the greatest of the ruins are the tombs. The Mohammedans think more of building enduring houses for the dead than for the living. In this vicinity is the tomb of the Emperor Altumsh, who died 1235 A. D.; he built it himself, and gave orders to have no *purdah* (screen) between himself and heaven. His wish was obeyed, so there is no dome to the sepulchre.

We paused before the tomb of Nizamudeen Ouleea, who defeated the Transoxonian army in

1303. There were a number of men around it who had come on pilgrimage from different parts of the country. It is a small building with a white marble dome, and kept very neat. Beside it is the grave of the poet Khusroo, his friend. Khusroo sang to the music of the lyre, and seems to have delighted the royal court. His songs are still popular. His grave receives as much attention as that of any of the old saints. About halfway between the great tower and the new city is the tomb of Munsoor Ally Khan, built after the model of the Taj. It is composed of three kinds of stone, white marble, red sandstone and fine flesh-colored sandstone. The marble is very inferior to that in the Taj.

But there is no end to these tombs. I will mention only one more, the one which interested me most—that of Jehanara Begum, daughter of Shah Jehan. Her remains are covered with a marble slab, hollow at the top and exposed to the sky. The hollow is filled with earth covered with grass. Upon the marble is this inscription, said to have been written by herself: "Let no rich canopy cover my grave. This grass is the best covering for the tombs of the poor in spirit. The humble, the transitory Jehanara, the disciple of the holy men

of Christ, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan." She is said to have learned the Christian religion of her brother Dara, and from her epitaph it would seem that she may have died a Christian. I became very much interested in her, and, in fact, in all that royal family. Father promised to tell me their history, and I will write something of it in my next. Till then, adieu.

XVIII.

PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.

DEAR BROTHER ARGYLE: I was to introduce the family of Shah Jehan to you this time; well, here they are. I will write what father has told me of them. The old emperor had four sons and three daughters. The eldest son was Dara Shakoh. He is said to have been one of the handsomest men in the empire. He studied the religion of the Europeans, and is thought to have become a convert to Christianity. He cultivated the society of these foreigners, and was not liked so well by the Mohammedans, in consequence. Jehanara was older than Dara, a person of great beauty, wit and accomplishments. She was very much attached to Dara, and always took his part. Sultan Shoojah, the second son, was not so handsome, high-minded or intelligent as Dara, but equal to him in courage. He changed his sect from Soonnie to Sheah, to gain favor with the Persian noblemen.

Aurungzebe, the father of Lalla Rookh, and third son of Shah Jehan, was of middle stature, slender figure and long features, particularly the nose. The expression of his countenance was said to be mild and pleasing, though always sedate. His conversation was generally on religion and the laws of the prophet. He always carried the Koran under his arm and prayed five times a day. He never appeared in public except in a clean white dress, and always without ornaments. His name he inscribed among the fakirs, and he lived like one, on rice, roots and water. This all sounds very well, but he was really as great a rascal as any in the land. Dara knew him well, and said, "Of all my brothers, I fear only that man of prayers." Shoojah also understood him, but their youngest brother became his dupe.

Roshunara Begum was the second daughter and fifth child of Shah Jehan. She had less beauty than Jehanara, but more cunning. She resembled Aurungzebe as much as Jehanara was like Dara, and was as fully devoted to him. Moorad Buksh, the youngest son, was a brave, headstrong man who devoted all his time to the sports of the field, military exercises and the pleasures of the table. He prided himself on his strength and courage.

Miher Omissa Begum was the youngest child. She was not attractive in mind or appearance. Dress and trifling amusements occupied her time.

In 1651 the sons of Shah Jehan were appointed to govern certain provinces. Dara was made viceroy of Cabul and Lahore, with permission to live at Delhi and assist his father as the heir-apparent to the throne. Shoojah was viceroy of Bengal, Bahar and Orissa. Aurungzebe was to govern the Deccan, or the imperial dominions south of the Nerbudda River, Moorad Buksh, the provinces of Guzerat and Malwa. At the time of these appointments the emperor was at Cabul with his court. Moorad set out for his dominions alone; Shoojah and Aurungzebe went as far as Delhi, where they remained a few days. A daughter and son of the former were there betrothed to a son and daughter of the latter. The two brothers swore upon the Koran to continue through life the good feeling then existing between them.

I can only tell you a few of the principal events in the history of this family, for the whole of it would make a large book. In 1658, Shah Jehan became suddenly and dangerously ill, and for some time he was supposed to be dead. Then the four sons all prepared to fight for the throne. Here is

where the hypocrisy of Aurungzebe begins to show itself. He apparently tried to have Moorad proclaimed emperor, while he was really laying his plans to place the crown upon his own head.

In Golconda there was a man bearing the pretty little name of Mohammed Mouzzin Ameer Jumla. He was a native of Persia, handsome, graceful and learned in all the education Persia could furnish. He had come to Southern India as an attendant on a Persian merchant, and entered the service of the king of Golconda. Here he became viceroy over the richest province of the kingdom and a man of great power in the land, and of immense wealth.

Aurungzebe, through the entreaties of Roshunara, prevailed on Shah Jehan to invite this man to his court at Delhi. He did so, and Ameer Jumla brought many valuable presents to the emperor. Among these was the famous Koh-i-noor, or "mountain of light," which he had gotten from one of the mines of Golconda. Ameer was soon after appointed prime minister, and told Shah Jehan that there were many such diamonds in the Deccan. He had only to entrust him with an army for the conquest of that part of the country to have unbounded wealth. The emperor had become very

avaricious, and was dazzled with this brilliant prospect. He immediately placed an army at the disposal of his new prime minister.

Dara and Jehanara saw that this was a snare laid by Aurungzebe. Such an army under such a leader would give Aurungzebe the empire whenever he might seize upon it. They urged their father not to take the step, but he only attributed wrong motives to them. He was angry at Dara at the time, because he thought that Dara had poisoned his minister Sadoollakhan, so he would not listen to him. Unable to prevent the emperor from sending out the army, they persuaded him to make Ameer's command independent of Aurungzebe, and to confine the latter to his own dominions, also to insist on Ameer's leaving his wife and children at court as hostages for his fidelity. Ameer hesitated about accepting this last condition, but the emperor promised to send his family on after him, so he yielded the point. His eldest son was made prime minister in his absence.

Aurungzebe was displeased with the king of Bejapore, and got Shah Jehan's permission to invade his territory. Aurungzebe then sent for Ameer to join him, but Ameer feared that his family would be killed by Dara if he did so, and declined. Now

we come to a time of terrible war among the brothers. Aurungzebe addressed Moorad as "your imperial majesty." At their first interview in front of the army, Aurungzebe got off his elephant and walked some distance to meet him. He seemed so sincere and so pious that Moorad trusted him fully. Aurungzebe knew that his father had long been out of danger, but took good care that Moorad should get no news from Delhi or Agra.

Dara sent out an army against Shoojah, who was marching on the capital, and who exclaimed as he did so, "Death or the throne!" He proclaimed that Dara had poisoned his father and he was hastening to revenge the murder. Aurungzebe and Moorad defeated their father's army near Ojeyne. When Shah Jehan heard of this defeat, he raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "O Lord, thy will be done; it is for my sins that I am afflicted, and much heavier punishment have they merited."

Dara demanded vengeance on the family of Ameer Jumla, but his father would not allow them to be arrested. Dara marched in person against his brothers with an army of one hundred thousand horse, fifty thousand foot and one hundred pieces of artillery. He took his family with him,

his camp equipage being carried on the back of five hundred camels. He was defeated, and retreating toward Lahore, was robbed by the Jats.

Shah Jehan kept armed women (Calmuck women) in his seraglio, as has been done by the native kings since his time. He intended to have Aurungzebe and Moorad imprisoned by them, but these undutiful sons imprisoned him instead. Aurungzebe now made extensive preparations for the coronation of Moorad at Mathara—at least, so he made the people believe. After consulting the stars, the day of the ceremony was fixed for June 27, 1658. The spot chosen was the great plain in front of the old mosque. The descriptions we have of this scene give us an idea of grandeur such as is only witnessed in the East. Tents formed of richest gold brocade were pitched all around the plain, and the whole space within covered with canopies of rich colored cloth supported upon poles fastened to the ground by ropes of silk. Upon a throne under these magnificent canopies, and in the midst of the armies, Moorad was to receive the turban and the imperial sabre from the hands of the great Kazee or chief priest of the Mohammedans.

The evening before this event was to take place Aurungzebe asked Moorad to sup with him.

Moorad was warned by some of Aurungzebe's attendants not to put himself in his brother's power, but he saw no reason for fear, and accepted the invitation. He was urged to drink to intoxication, and while in that state was fettered and imprisoned by servants of Aurungzebe, who stood ready for the deed. Aurungzebe was crowned emperor on July twenty-third in Shalamar garden, near Delhi, and the next day after set out in pursuit of Dara. Dara's army was again defeated, and he was slain. His two sons were imprisoned and killed. Aurungzebe met Shoojah in battle in Bengal and destroyed him with his whole family.

Princes were frequently put to death in those days by giving them *poust* to drink. This poust, an old writer says, is "poppy expressed and infused a night in water. It is that potion which those that are kept at Gwalior are commonly made to drink—I mean those princes whose heads they think it fit not to cut off. They drink it the first thing in the morning. It emaciates them and maketh them die insensibly, they losing little by little their understanding and growing senseless." This drink was given to Moorad at first, but the bloody usurper was afraid to leave him to die by

this means, and so had him executed. Aurungzebe had now destroyed all his brothers, and held undisputed sway.

The Princess Jehanara shared the captivity of her father, and remained with him until his death. During this imprisonment, Jehanara spent most of her time in writing the lives of the celebrated saints in the valley of Cashmere. On Shah Jehan's death, in 1666, she became reconciled to Aurungzebe, who restored to her all the estates and governments she had enjoyed under her father, amounting to an annual revenue of a million pounds sterling, and gave her the title of Shah Begum, or Sovereign Princess. She died six years after her father, in the fourteenth year of the reign of Aurungzebe.

Father closed the book he had referred to several times while giving us these facts, and asked,

"What now do you think of this royal family? Would you like to be a Mohammedan princess, Trye?"

"Not for the world, father," I said. "This is a terrible story. I wonder that Aurungzebe could have a moment's peace after all the crimes he had committed."

"Such are the triumphs of the world, my

daughter, and the tender mercies of the wicked, which you know are cruel. This is a fair specimen of the lives of those who reigned here in the olden time. You need not want to know the history of many of the Mohammedan princes."

"I don't see why they let Aurungzebe live," said Chat; "the miserable old fellow! I wouldn't have been one of his subjects; I would have run away first."

"I think Dara ought to have had the throne," I said. "I like him and Jehanara too; they would have done finely."

"Yes; I would have fought for him and got Aurungzebe out of the way somehow, if I could," said Chat. "He ought to have been hung on one of those silk tent-ropes after he had lived on poust for a month."

"It is a pity you were not there to have righted matters," father said, quietly.

Chat laughed, and said that he only meant that he would have done all he could to put the right king in his place and the wrong one in his place.

"I don't see why such men as Aurungzebe are ever allowed to have control of affairs," I said, "for they surely do harm instead of good."

"Do you think the Lord makes mistakes in not

checking these wicked men before they have done any injury?" mother asked.

"Oh no!" I said—"no, he cannot do wrong, but—but—I don't understand it."

"Ah, there it is! she said. "We are too apt to think things are wrong because we do not understand them. Look at the life and death of our dear Redeemer. He suffered from the indifference and insolence and ill-treatment of the men of his time. 'He was despised and rejected of men,' and 'he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter,' just as Isaiah had foretold. Now, it was necessary that he should live our life and have all these trials from man; it was necessary that he should die as he did—forsaken and beyond the reach of sympathy—for us. The sin of those who despised him and those who participated in his crucifixion was terrible to think of, as is that of those who reject him now, but their doings formed a part of the great plan of salvation. They would not believe, and God allowed them to carry out their own wicked schemes, and thereby to show his glory. God will make even the wrath of man to praise him, and what is beyond the needed measure he will restrain."

"But, mother," said Chat, "you do not think

that wicked men, the heathen and savages, for instance, are working out God's purposes when they are doing all they can against him, do you?"

"Most assuredly I do. They do not do it to aid his cause, but they do aid it, nevertheless. Those mogul emperors at war with each other only thought of their own gain, but they were themselves overthrowing a very corrupt government and paving the way for the religion of Christ and for a better state of affairs temporally."

Mother had given me new ideas in this explanation. I believed before that God reigned and did "all things well," but could not see why he didn't put down at once all opposition to his law. Now I could see the reason, and could tell why mother's faith is always so strong and why she is always so hopeful. It is, as she says, a blessed thought that God reigneth, and that he is a God of love. I remember thinking of this one day last summer when we had a very severe thunder-storm, and the whole scene returned to my mind with this conversation. It seemed as if this whole universe were shaken, and yet it was only a commotion in one little part of our ocean of air. I spoke of this, and father said, "So of the strifes and destructions of men. When in the midst of them they are

terrible to us, but viewed from afar, as we look down the ages of history, they may be only the showers that purify the moral air, or the tempests that bring devastation to prepare the way for noble building."

But my letter is growing very long, so I will not attempt to give you more of our conversation on this subject.

XIX.

THE KOHINOOR, THE BEGUM AND THE CHRISTIANS.

LAST evening as mother, Chat and I sat on the verandah of our temporary home in Delhi, Chat said he had been thinking about the Kohinoor, and asked mother what became of it after it was given to Shah Jehan. "I cannot trace it through all the details of its wanderings," she said, "and it would be too long a story were I to do so, but I will tell you something about it. It lay in the imperial treasury for nearly a century, when it was taken by Nadir Shah, king of Persia. He invaded India during the reign of Mohammed Shah in the year 1738. This king, in one of his mad fits, had put out the eyes of his son. He himself was afterward assassinated, and the conspirators gave the throne and the diamond to his son's son, Shahrookh Mirza, who lived at Meesheed. Shah Mirza lost his eyes some time after that, during a civil war in his dominions. Ahmed Shah marched to his relief, put the rebels to death

and united his eldest son, Timoor Shah, in marriage to the daughter of the unfortunate prince. Ahmed took the diamond from Mirza, reasoning that it could be of no use to a blind man.

He established his son Timoor at Herat, his own residence being at Cabul, where he died. Timoor succeeded his father, and was succeeded in turn by his eldest son, Zuman Shah, who after a reign of a few years was driven from the throne by his younger brother Mahmood. Zuman went to his friend, who commanded a distant fortress, for protection. Asheek betrayed him to the usurper and put him in confinement. He hid the great diamond in a crevice of the wall of his prison, and his other jewels in a hole made in the ground with his dagger.

As soon as Mahmood heard from Asheek of the arrest, he sent for his brother, had his eyes put out and demanded the jewels, but Zuman pretended to have thrown them in the river as he passed over. Two years after this the third brother, the Sultan Shoojah, deposed Mahmood and ascended the throne by the consent of his elder brother. He blew from the mouths of cannon Asheek, his wife and all his children.

He intended to put out the eyes of his brother Mahmood, but was deterred from doing it by the

persuasion of his brother and Zuman. The latter told him where he had concealed the great diamond, and Shoojah soon took possession of it. Mahmood escaped from prison, raised a party and drove out his brothers, and once more became king. The two brothers went to the territories of the East India Company for protection, and from that time lived at Lodiana upon a pension assigned them by the British government. On their way through the territory of the Sikh chief, Runjeet Singh, in 1813, Shoojah was discovered to have the great diamond with him, and was compelled to surrender it to his host. In 1849, when the Punjaub was united to the territories of the East India Company, it was stipulated that the Kohinoor should be surrendered to Queen Victoria, in whose possession it has been ever since. It is certainly the most celebrated diamond in the world. It has been so cut that it is smaller now than then, but of greater brilliancy, owing to the greater number of faces to refract the light.

"That is a wonderful history for a little stone," said Chat; "it ought to be able almost to tell its own story by this time. And even this piece of carbon (I haven't studied chemistry for nothing) couldn't be told about without an account of those

old fellows fighting and putting each other's eyes out. Well, they were a wretched set, and there are plenty more like them in the world now, I suppose. I saw a Musselman in the street the other day with a long nose and very sedate. He looked exactly as I think Aurungzebe must have done, and I felt like going up to him and knocking off his turban."

"I should like to see the wonderful diamond that has had such an eventful history," I said; "I am more interested in it than in those fellows you talk about who treated each other so shamefully." And yet I have been very anxious to see some one who had belonged to royalty here, or who is a descendant of any of the noted characters of whom I have written.

A missionary lady told us that several members of the late royal family were numbered among their pupils, and asked me to go with her to see one family closely related to the dethroned king. We saw two girls, rather pretty-looking, but not any more royal than many others I had seen. The most interesting personage to me was their grandmother. This old lady, named Imami Begum, told us a very pitiful story about her former greatness and present poverty. Her father, brother and nephew had each occupied the throne of Delhi, and the last

of these, as she said, had "joined his kingdom to the dust." She had once robed herself with silks and valuable ornaments, but now she wears an old blanket around her body, and lives upon the two dollars and a half a month given her as a government pension.

The court of her house is nearly full of elegant marble tombstones, beneath which lie buried various members of the family. It was sad to see the old lady doing the work of a servant where she had once had numbers of attendants to wait upon her. The lady said, after we came out, "It makes us feel very tenderly toward her, and many times do we endeavor to convey to her weary heart the rich and priceless consolations of the gospel of Christ. At times she seems touched, but I fear her heart is too much absorbed in her earthly troubles to realize her spiritual need."

The missionaries have been at work here for a number of years, and not without doing much good. I have been listening to the story of Walayat Ali, a native Christian who was killed here in the time of the mutiny. He belonged to a respectable and once wealthy Mohammedan family of Agra, and was led to read the Bible by the words of Col. Wheeler, a pious officer in the British army of In-

dia. This unsettled his mind in regard to his former belief, and yet for a long time he clung to it. At length he went to a moulvi who was considered very holy, and sought to become one of his disciples. "For this the priest required a fee of twelve shillings, but after hard bargaining came down to two shillings, at the same time cautioning him against telling any one of the small price he had paid, and exhorting him to say to all that he had paid the full price, twelve shillings." This did not certainly appear right, and he thought, "I can sin enough without the aid of a priest: sin is the burden under which I am groaning; and yet this man would have me tell lies in order to fill his pockets!"

He then turned to the missionaries for help, and was baptized by a Baptist minister in 1838. From that time to his death he was persecuted continually. He was sent to Delhi as a native preacher, where he was still stationed when the meeting began. When threatened with death by some Mohammedan soldiers and taunted with being a Christian, he said, boldly, "Yes, I am a Christian, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian." As a Sepoy aimed a blow at him with a sword which ended his life, he said, "O Jesus, receive my soul!"

His wife was in great danger, but was protected in one way and another until the danger had passed. Her words were in the same spirit as those of her husband: "No, I cannot forsake Christ. I will work to support my children, and if I must be killed, God's will be done." It is a sad, sad tale, but one that shows what good, true Christians there are among those whom the dear Lord has set free from the slavery of heathenism to be his own children. The great Kohinoor is not to be compared to these jewels, which will shine in the palace of glory for ever and for ever.

This is probably my last letter from Delhi. I feel that I have had only a bird's-eye view of it, but we must be off to-morrow, so good-bye to the old ruins and the sleeping dust of the mogul kings whose reigns were written in blood. They are beyond our help, but the living, the thousands upon thousands of mortals here going to the same cheerless doom—oh, it makes one's heart sick to think of it. Do pray for these poor misguided people, for the Lord is "able to save to the uttermost."

XX.

WHAT WE SAW AT AMBALA.

WE have taken another step northward, and reached Ambala, where we will remain for several days, if nothing happens to prevent it. Chat and I were out bright and early this morning, and had a delightful walk. We stood for a long time on a bridge quite near a heathen temple. I am surprised to find myself becoming so accustomed to seeing the heathen and their worship. It used to seem like something to read about and hear about, but actually to be where men worship idols is something I then did not expect.

Between us and the temple is a pool of the clearest water. This is not the main tank for bathing; that is on the other side of the temple. This has been formed by digging for brick material. Many of the temples are built with a large court, within which is a tank filled with water. Steps lead down to the water from all sides. If the people would only come to the true Fountain for

sin and uncleanness, how clearly they would see that their bathing, even in the Ganges, is of no avail!—that all their offerings to the idols they have formed will not cancel one sin! How glad I am that there are such noble men and women working for their salvation here, as also at our other mission stations! Were every Christian so entirely Christ's as they, how much more rapidly would the gospel be borne to the ends of the earth!

The Rev. Dr. Morrison, of the mission band, has a service every Saturday morning in a house for lepers and blind people. Last Saturday we all attended it after taking *chota hazari* (little breakfast). This consists of tea and toast, and is one of the regular meals in this country. The service was held out of doors, the poor creatures seating themselves on the ground. It was chilly, and they were well wrapped up in their blankets, but occasionally a fingerless stump of a hand would come out, or a partly-eaten nose in the small portion of the face in sight would show the progress of that most loathsome disease. Oh, it was heart-sickening to be there. But the preaching among them has not been in vain. Some of the brightest Christians of the station are of their number.

How great was the contrast between that audi-

ence and the one I saw the next day in the English church at the cantonment! The congregation consisted chiefly of "red coats," but there were some civilians, and as much dress among the ladies as we ever see in our most fashionable city churches at home. He who looketh not upon the outward appearance doubtless saw true worshipers in each place.

Here I find some of another kind of natives, the Sikhs, who ruled in what is called the Punjaub, to the north-west, and who are now scattered over North India. I have just been with a dear lady of the mission to visit some Sikh women living in an old dilapidated fort in the city. Their families were formerly Sirdars, or chiefs, but have no power now and little or no property. The most interesting of them was a young woman not long married. Her manners were quiet and easy, and she seemed quite intelligent. She wore the true Sikh costume of her caste, a dress of thin red and white plaid silk with a flounce of green, and a red silk chuddah with a tinsel band around it. This she drew over her face whenever her husband came through the court.

We were completely shut in by the mud walls of the surrounding apartments. The place was

not such as to give very romantic ideas of mission work, yet far superior to some houses we see. In another court we saw a little mud arrangement for cooking, and the lady, knowing that it was not the one in general use, asked what it was for. A woman told her that their husbands cooked their meat there, that being a thing the women were not allowed even to touch. A little boy five years old was having his hair combed by a servant. It seemed to be a tedious task, as his hair was very long, and, I judge, the combing not an every-day occurrence. The Sikh men are very proud of their hair, and never cut it. They are very delicate-looking, and, like natives in general, are very fond of dress.

There was a white frost this morning, the first I have seen this winter, and the "hills," the grand old Himalayas, have had a fall of snow upon their crests. As we returned from our visit to the Sikhs, I could not help exclaiming at the beauty of the mountains. There is something so pure and stately and solemn in their majesty, rising so far above us, that the expression, "the eternal hills," came unbidden to my lips. My friend repeated the words of Coleridge in apostrophe to another mount:

"Thou too, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, a while bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, oh, ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

From the snowy range which rises behind the first row of hills the snow never melts. There are two peaks which look from here like tents pitched up against the sky. The word Himalaya means "seats of snow." The highest peak is twenty-seven thousand feet above the level of the sea—as high as the Green Mountains of Vermont would be if perched on Chimborazo. The Hindoos think they are the chosen residence of Siva, who, it is said, in leaving Ceylon, threw up the Himalayas as his place of retreat. Dewtas, or spirits, are supposed to live in the glens, and by certain sounds lure travelers on to ruin. The extremes of heat and cold are excessive in these mountains. The heat melts the snow and lays them bare, while the cold

splits off huge masses of rock, which roll into the valleys and chasms below with a terrific noise.

As we were looking at the giant mountains a carriage approached. My friend called my attention to it as being the equipage of one of the rajahs of this part of the country. He was a fine-looking man, and his turn-out was decidedly European, showing that he had become used to our forms of luxury. But I was more interested in seeing the salutations given him by some Hindoos who saw him coming. They stopped, slipped off their sandals, adjusted their dress, and as the carriage passed bent to the earth, carrying their hands rapidly from their head to the ground and recovering their former position. They then put on their sandals and went their way.

"We are near a temple," said my friend; "let us stop for a moment to see it and its worshipers." We did so. The temple was a small one with a hideous-looking idol inside. I do not understand why they have such frightful-looking objects to worship; all I have seen are very repulsive. This one was covered with oil which had been poured upon it, and the dust clung to it. There were four or five who had come to worship, while there were six or seven priests. One woman was there with

her little boy. He had brought a handful of rice, which she taught him to place, as an offering, before the idol. The little fellow seemed afraid of the hideous image, and I do not wonder, but the mother showed him how to prostrate himself before it. As she came out my friend spoke to her in Hindoostanee, telling her of the only way of salvation, but she seemed well pleased with her own way of atoning for her sins.

At the door we saw a man who was only passing, but stopped to show his reverence for the god within the temple. He removed his sandals, looked for a minute at the temple, then prostrated himself at full length, so that toes, knees, hands, forehead, nose and chin touched the ground. This is an act of reverence called Sáshtángám. He then rose, crossed himself, muttered a prayer, replaced his shoes and went on. All, however, were not so devout as he in passing the sacred place. He was evidently a strict Brahmin, and took great care that his clothing should touch no person or object which would defile him. These poor deluded beings, how I do pity them! They are doing all they can to take away their sins, but all in vain, when Jesus died for them as well as for us.

XXI.

POON, AND THE MEHTERS.

LAST night I listened to one of the missionaries as he was telling father and mother about *poon*. I presume you wonder what that is, as I did when I first heard it. It is a Hindoo word, and means religious merit. Now let me hold fast some of the new ideas I have caught by giving them to you. Isn't that a queer way we have of fastening things in our memory, by giving them to some one else?

Poon is obtained by the performance of all works of benevolence and self-denial which the people of India think are beyond what is required of them in ordinary duty, such as in the Roman Catholic Church would be called "works of supererogation."

One of the most important means of obtaining *poon* is giving, first to the Brahmins, then to the poor of all classes and castes. Now, you must know that the Brahmin priests are a mean, idle set of beggars, who seize upon any important event, as a

birth, marriage, death or sudden calamity, for extracting gifts from their poor deluded followers. To feed a Brahmin is considered the most meritorious service. To give him a cow is to furnish him transportation over an imaginary river which all must cross who enter heaven. According to their theory, they are to be saved by clinging to a cow as it swims over to the other side. Of course the reward is very great to the giver. A rajah, or king, occasionally presents an elephant; a horse will purchase for the giver everlasting happiness in paradise. The *poon* is less for giving to ordinary beggars, but so prevalent is the idea of obtaining merit in this way that every one who receives food or money from you supposes he is thereby conferring a great favor on yourself. "Are you not doing it for *poon?*" he will ask.

Building temples, planting groves and digging wells for the refreshment of weary travelers form fertile sources of merit. The country is in many parts dotted with delightful little groves planted as an act of religion. At a place by the roadside near Dehra a Hindoo kept for several years a number of *ghore*, or clay water-pots, filled, where all might drink. There were separate spouts for the different castes, and a glass for Europeans, so

that none need defile themselves. Still another means of acquiring *poon* is making long pilgrimages to sacred places, as the tomb of a noted Brahmin, a famous temple or a place where one of their gods descended from heaven or performed some mighty act.

While one of our missionaries was making a tour in the interior of the Himalayas, he met a man carrying his aged and decrepit mother over the snows and narrow mountain-paths to an ancient temple. Doubtless he expected great reward, both to his mother and himself, for this difficult and perilous undertaking. But probably the greatest source of merit is bathing in sacred waters. I have written you of the thousands who gather yearly at Hardwar and Allahabad to bathe in the Ganges. Here they suppose all sin is washed away, and that millions of years of bliss will be added to them in another world for their ablutions.

But I must not occupy too much space with *poon*, for I want to tell you in this letter something about the Mehters. We all went out to a Mehter village near by this morning. The Mehters are outcasts from the Hindoos. They are employed to do the most menial service, and, what is greater shame in the estimation of the Hindoos,

they eat all kinds of food, not excepting *beef* and *pork*. They are consequently not allowed to worship at a Hindoo temple, nor even to live in their cities, but must have towns of their own outside. After a nice little walk on the smooth main road, we turn off into the sand, and soon meet a high mud wall. We walk the length of this, for it only extends around three sides of the village, and enter. Here are narrow streets and little low mud houses with roofs made of branches of trees, leaves, grass, etc. No shops nor stores, for the few things they need are bought in the city.

But before we have gone far every house is emptied of its occupants. The news of our coming has spread almost instantaneously, and every man, woman and child is out to see us. Those of the men who are best dressed wear a tight-fitting coat coming up close about the neck, like those worn by Hindoos and Mohammedans. The women, who, in this low caste, are not imprisoned in zenanas, have suits of coarse, striped cotton cloth.

All salute us by touching the hand to the forehead, saying, "Salaam!" or, if very polite, "Gee salaam." Chat has been practicing *salaams*, and bowed very low to them, which pleased them much.

Coming out, we noticed little low shrines made of rick and plaster, with a small niche in each for a native lamp. These are their places of worship. We passed an immense well with a substantial wall about it, which you ascend by two or three steps. This is a public institution, and answers for the whole village. Next we entered their school-house. This is behind the village, near the well. Rev. Dr. Morrison had it erected, and I dare say the poor Mehters think it a fine building, for it has a tight roof and wooden doors. Some of these being always open, window-sash is entirely unnecessary. Here were about twenty boys and nine or ten girls seated on the floor; they rise as we enter, and say, "Missi baba salaam," in a tone that would remind you of a primary school at home. None of these children are beyond very short words yet, but Philip, the native Christian teacher, has already taught them some verses from the Bible, and several hymns, which they learn very readily.

Father and Chat were out to their village the morning after we came here. The women were then all at the well washing their heads and hair. They told father that somebody had died. After a death it is their custom to have a feast, and the

women wash their heads. Chat said he wished the fakirs would lose some friends, so as to become clean once in their lives. But I am more and more interested in the different kinds of people I find here, and realize more and more what mankind is without the Bible. How much we ought to pray for the Holy Spirit to show these people their error and the only way of life!

XXII.

AMBALA TO DEHRA.

AFTER sending my last letter to you, we were very much surprised and delighted to see Uncle Mansfield and Ella come in upon us at Ambala. Uncle had written us that he would perhaps be able to meet us at Saharanpur, but his coming so far was a complete surprise to us all. He looks very much as I remember him when they were all at our house at home, only his hair has a little more gray in it and his beard is longer. You know I was quite a little girl then. Ella, being only a year older than I, has changed so much that I would not have known her, and she says the same of me. We soon became acquainted, though, and had a good laugh over many of our little childish pleasures and troubles when we were together. Aunt's health is so much better here than in a colder climate that they seem to look upon this place as their home, for the present at least.

Let me see: where did I leave off in my last let-

ter? I have had so much to enjoy since in meeting these "home folks," as Chat calls them, that it seems an age (a short one) since I wrote. I told you of a few of the things I saw and heard at Ambala; now for the onward trip. We took leave of our kind friends, the dear missionaries, and started last Tuesday, as we had planned. We were up very early, ate a substantial breakfast—not a *chota hazari*—and rode to the station before daylight. From the car window we watched the rising sun as it painted the sky and silvered the distant peaks of the snowy range. I need not tell you of the many dry river-beds over which we passed—the Jumna only has water in it—nor of the level country through which we traveled. The plains are monotonous, and now, while the grass is dry and withered, have little beside their beautiful trees to save them from being a complete desert.

It is a three hours' ride, in the slow Indian trains, to Saharanpur, the City of Groves. We saw some of the beautiful mango groves from which it is named before reaching the city. Here we remained two days, and found enough of interest to keep us looking and wondering, as usual in our visits to the cities of India.

This is a mission station, and just at the time

we were there the missionaries came from other places to attend presbytery, which was about to meet there. The reunion was a delightful one; they seem like so many brothers and sisters.

Uncle and father and mother were perfectly happy among them, and stayed a day longer than they had intended on that account. Some of these good people came twenty-eight or thirty miles with all the requisites for housekeeping. You ought to have seen them, some on ponies, some in wagons, with bullock carts for tents, furniture, etc. They had been two or three days in coming, having preached in the little villages on their way. It was a very novel sight to me, and a romantic one, as they came into the compound, unloaded, pitched tents, and in an hour looked as homelike and comfortable as need be. The next day we were taken to a school of Mohammedan girls in the city which Mrs. Calderwood superintends. This is only one of three or four heathen schools she has in charge.

On Thursday morning we started in a van on our forty-mile ride. This van deserves a passing notice. It is a great broad vehicle with a wooden frame and top and canvas curtains all around. It has two compartments. In the hinder one there are sleeping accommodations for two, in the front,

for one. I started with a cloth sacque, waterproof and shawl, and needed all in the chilly December morning, but before noon was glad to throw off all but my sacque.

For a few miles out of Saharanpur we rode through a beautiful avenue of trees; afterward it was an open level road till we reached the Sewalics, a range of high hills. We met hundreds of Pahasees, or mountain men, with droves of cattle and donkeys laden with rice, birds, musk, etc. We could distinguish these men from the farmers of the plains by their long sticks with sharp iron points which had helped them over the snow and icy steeps of their mountain homes. They are a vigorous, wild-looking race, and seemed to regard us with as much curiosity as we did them. They would wheel around and stand still after we passed, apparently taking us all in before they went on their way. Many doubtless had never before seen a European.

Before us, as we rode, were first the Sewalics, then the outer range of the Himalayas, and still beyond, over a hundred miles distant, the white peaks of the Snowy Range. We reached the Mohan Pass in the Sewalics about noon, and climbed up to the dak bungalow with the nice

basket of lunch our Saharanpur friends had provided for us. While an attendant made our tea, Ella, Chat and I ran up to a high point for a view of the country. The others soon came after us, for the scene was one that could not fail to attract them.

Much as we admired the beauties of nature, however, one call was sufficient to bring us to *tiffin*, or lunch, for our appetites were fully prepared for it. *Tiffin* over, we return to the van, but instead of horses twelve coolies stand ready to take us through the pass. Some push and some pull, and we are over three hours in making the eight miles which bring us to the other side. Now, perhaps, you imagine, from the use of coolies through the pass, that the road is rough and narrow, steep and unsafe. Not at all. It is as much smoother than our macadamized roads at home as they are than an ordinary turnpike. The ascent is very gradual, and wherever there is a bank there is a good guard at the road side.

Whether human life and strength are considered less valuable than beast life, or whether horses are so trained as to be safe only on a dead level, which seems to be the case, I know not, but it is the way adopted by the dak company. At the

summit of the pass is a long, finely-built tunnel, in which is the most perfect echo I ever heard. It repeats a short sentence with great distinctness. The natives on entering it always send up a prayer to one of their deities.

The descent on the farther side is very short, and uncle gives a rupee *backsheesh* to the faithful coolies, and we are ready to take horses again. But before starting we have quite an adventure. Something stirs near where a driver is standing. He sees at once that it is the dreaded cobra di capella, or hooded snake, whose bite is almost certain death. The men move off, but do not offer to kill it. Uncle and father in the mean time see what it is, and very cautiously succeed in killing it. I thought the frightened natives would be delighted at this, but they talked away in a very excited strain, and seemed to think something terrible had happened. They were so angry I began to be more afraid of them than I had been of the snake.

Uncle talked to them very calmly about it in Hindostanee. As I afterward learned, he told them that if anything had come of the deed he would be the one to suffer—that a great many cobras had been killed without bringing harm to any one. They were finally quieted enough to go on with

their business, but were not in a very good humor. I did not understand all this till uncle told me that it is considered a great offence to kill a cobra. The natives always speak of it as "the good snake," fearing to raise its anger even by speaking ill of it. It is worshiped by many of the people, and it is not strange that they should think it a crime to kill it when they will not take animal life of any kind.

Uncle said that he ran a great risk in killing the snake so openly, but he feared more to have it running at large than he did the superstition of men. He said that one of the missionaries, in coming home one day toward evening, saw what he thought was a riding-whip on the floor, and stooped to pick it up. It then gave signs of life, and he had barely time to escape a bite from the deadly cobra. They are not as numerous in this part of India as in some other provinces, and we do not often hear of persons being bitten by them. But enough of snakes.

Three stages or relays of horses (unless they happen to be mules) brought us to this lovely vale of Dehra Doon. It seemed a delightful rest to be landed here in the midst of so much beauty. We have been going, going, for so long a time that I want to stand still for a little and think over what

I have seen. Dehra Doon is just a paradise, if there is such a thing on earth.

On the very top of the Himalayas—that is, the first range of them, not the snows—are the white houses of Landour and Mysuri, two sister stations about fifteen miles away. They look like little patches of snow. Many English families have a house in Dehra, and another house in one of these places too, spending the cold weather here and the hot weather on the hills. We intend going up there some day to see these places and the Snowy Range.

Dehra contains two or three hundred Europeans and a number of East Indians who are part European and part native. The native city is considered very small in this thickly-settled land. It numbers about ten thousand. In the doon, or valley, are found wild elephants, tigers, leopards, deer, peacocks, pheasants and other game. But I shall have a chance to see more of Dehra and tell you about it hereafter. Now I am tired enough to bring my epistle to a close.

XXIII.

HOME-LIFE.

WHAT do you think? We are housekeeping in a nice little *kothi* in Dehra, and at home to all our friends. Come in now and then; we shall be delighted to see you. But about the home, in earnest. It is really home-like, and I am becoming accustomed to our present mode of life, so as to enjoy it much.

A *kothi* differs from a bungalow in having what is called a *pakka* roof, cemented like the floors, and usually flat. But our rooms, with the exception of the drawing and dining-rooms, being arched, the roof is rather uneven. The arches look like the boilers of some immense machine. A part, however, is level and surrounded by a strong wall. This is a fine place in which to sit of an evening. The compound is a large open yard with a nice flower circle in front, where three varieties of roses and some other plants are blooming. There are no trees of any size.

As to the domestic affairs, they are as different from those in America as can be. In the first place, we have about a dozen servants. Now, don't open your eyes and say we are growing extravagant, living in too much style, and all that, for this is the only way we can get along comfortably. Chat says you cannot turn around here without having a half dozen men to turn you halfway, and as many more to complete the revolution. It does seem as if it takes a great many persons to do a very little here.

In the first place, the house-servants are all men, except the ayah, or lady's maid, and none of them board in the family, unless in rare cases when they are Christians. It would be wrong, according to their religion, to eat in our houses or of what we had partaken. Then, again, we do not have the whole twelve here at once. One does his work perhaps in an hour, and departs. So of most of the others. All taken together do not do more than a day's work, and of course are paid accordingly.

We have a man to bring water for us, fill our bath-tubs, etc., and this is quite a work in itself, I assure you. He has an old horse, and brings the water in two skins prepared for the purpose. Then

he carries one skin over his shoulder. Another does the sweeping, another the cooking, another the washing, another the ironing, others are waiters, and in fact there must be a servant for almost everything to be done about a house.

One of this little army is Pirbuch, a bigoted Mohammedan. I wish you could see him to-day. The appearance of the new moon last night brought Ramazàn to an end, and to-day is a day of feasting called Id. They continue the rejoicing two or three days, and all of the haughty race whom we see are in holiday attire. Pirbuch has arrayed himself in a new suit consisting of black pantaloons, a long tight-fitting coat of delicate purple-striped silk and a salmon-colored turban. He surveyed himself with evident satisfaction. Take into consideration the high forehead, flowing gray beard and general lofty bearing of this patriarchal individual, then imagine how one feels in ordering him to shut a door, bring in the dinner or do some other similar service.

Let me give you a specimen of our manner of life. We awake in the morning (that will not astonish you), and have our *chota hazari* brought into our room. Having disposed of the tea and toast, we proceed to dress. Meantime, the mehter

(sweeper) comes and sweeps all the rooms requiring it. Afterward our ayah dusts. Sometimes, however, this is done by a bearer, a man-servant who brushes clothing, attends to the lamps, etc. At nine o'clock, or whatever hour mother specifies, the *consámá* (cook) or his assistant table-servant comes into her presence, makes his salaam and announces, "*Házari mez par*" (breakfast on the table). The *Méme Sahiba* is supposed to have given her orders for this meal after dinner the night before

After *hazari* she does the same for *tiffin* and dinner, and unless she is particularly fond of making cake or puddings herself—which in all probability she will not do so well as her *consámá*—she can attend to whatever else she pleases.

The lady of the house must frequently, sometimes daily, take her *consámá's hisáb*, or account, for he goes to the bazaar and buys tea, sugar and whatever else is necessary in his department. These servants are capital; they are very attentive, and do not forget easily what you tell them. If one sees you sweeten your tea once, he will put the exact amount of sugar in it ever after, if he has it to do.

If you were to take tiffin with us, or any other meal, you would find that we have a variety of

good things to eat. The gardens of this fertile valley do not fail the whole year round. We have, consequently, peas every day, with other vegetables such as are on our tables at home in summer. Besides these, we have a vegetable called *bunda*, resembling potatoes, but more solid, and richer, and the rice curry used so often here. A cup of Dehra tea with all is considered delicious by the tea-drinkers.

The native bakers furnish wheat bread which is sometimes good, but not always. They have their shops open toward the street, and at times the wind blows the dust that way while they are mixing the bread. Then they do not always have "good luck" in baking, as our home cooks say; still, what we have is pretty good. We have three grades of ground wheat: *dalia* (pronounced dullia), or cracked wheat, *suji*, finer and hulled, and the *maida* or fine flour.

We have milk both from the cow and buffalo; it is often mixed together, and butter is made from the mixture. For large quantities of milk a stone churn with a dasher is used. The churn is always placed by a firm pole. A strap attached to the dasher is passed around it, and a man—sometimes two men—keep it circulating by pulling the

ends of the strap. For table use the cream is put in a bottle and shaken, and fresh butter made daily.

Father has been investing in horses, and we are all trying to learn to ride—that is, those of us who didn't know before. Chat rides finely already, and has no more fear on a horse than anywhere else. I am always afraid he will get hurt, he will go in such dangerous places. Almost everybody rides on horseback here; it is considered the best exercise one can have in this climate.

The ponies are not fine Arabian steeds, by any means, and cost much less than those at home. My little black mountain nag, Akbar, cost only thirty dollars, and father bought another much more valuable horse for fifty. Of course each pony must have his *syce* or groom to take care of him, besides another person to cut grass for his horseship. Cousin Ella rides finely; she has practiced since she was quite small.

We were out this morning early, father, Ella, Chat and I. I had ridden several times with father, and felt quite at ease in the saddle, but we had not gone far before we met a number of buffaloes. These are the real buffaloes, you know, not the bison or American buffalo of our Western prairies. I was really afraid of them, and found

them very much in my way, but they did not offer to harm us, so my mind was set at rest and we rode forward. Chat and Ella were ahead of father and me.

They touched their ponies with the whip, and off they went at a furious rate, so they reached the waterfall which was to be our destination long before we did. The spot is a beautiful one, where one of the mountain torrents leaps over a high precipice on its way to the Jumna. We alighted from our ponies and walked about to have a good view. Chat climbed up the rocks at the side of the fall to get us some flowers which grew between the stones. Father would not let him go as high as he wished, for it was indeed dangerous. As he descended he came very near stepping on a scorpion. There were some Brahmins about the place, and one had come quite near the spot to look at a shrub that was growing there. Seeing the scorpion, he pointed to it, and it soon ran out of sight.

"Why didn't you kill it?" said Chat to him, and went on hunting for the reptile to do the murderous deed himself. Happily, the man understood English, and shook his head. "Oh no; I would never do such a thing," said he; "I might take the life of some dear friend now in this reptile."

"But we live in this world only once," said father, "and Jesus Christ died to take away our sins, that we may be perfectly happy hereafter. We need not fear a return to this world in any other body. Wouldn't you like to have your sins removed?"

"I have bathed in the holy Ganges; I am holy; I have done many things for *poon*, and I shall perhaps be a part of the great Brahm himself, without having to return to the earth in the form of an animal."

"But, my dear friend, all you have done, all you can do, will never make you fit for heaven. Jesus' blood alone can atone for sin."

The man looked thoughtful and passed on to his companions. Father says it is just so that we must sow the seed and water it with prayer. We know not how greatly God may bless it. I did not understand fully the man's ideas about the scorpion, and father explained them on the way home. He says the Hindoos believe in the transmigration of souls. I had heard that phrase before, but did not know what it meant. They think that when a person dies his soul enters some animal, or returns in the form of an infant to pass again through the stages of infancy, youth and manhood. Sometimes, when a child dies, the parents think it is to punish

them for having taken the soul of the child of some one else.

If the person is virtuous in this life, and lays up for himself a great amount of *poon,* or merit, he will enter the world the next time in a higher sphere. If he has done wrong, he will be apt to return an inferior animal, or even an insect.

Their Shasters teach that "the slayer of a Brahmin must enter into the body of a dog, a boar, an ass, a camel, a bull, a goat, a sheep, a stag, a bird, a low person or a demon." The Hindoos will, therefore, not take animal life, fearing that by so doing they may be guilty of killing some of their ancestors or friends.

"But," I asked, "supposing the man returns to earth a monkey, a dog, a scorpion or a fly, what then?"

"He then dies to return in some other form, and so on. If he is good, he will finally be absorbed in the great sleepy god Brahm. That is the height of their ambition."

"What a future!" I exclaimed; "it makes one tired to think of it!"

"Yes, my daughter; even were it true, how much pity would these poor people deserve from us, who know of 'a rest that remaineth for the people of

God,' and how much more when we think of the terrible future before rebellious sinners who do not believe in Jesus! I think there is no sweeter promise in the Bible than the one to the weary and heavy laden: 'I will give you rest.' Jesus doesn't mean merely rest in heaven, but rest now, every day. You will feel this more and more, I doubt not, as you have more knowledge of the world, of yourself and of your precious Saviour.

"The Christian only has rest in this restless world. He learns how willing the Master is to bear his burdens, and to let him lean upon his bosom in the midst of the hardest toil or the bitterest sorrow. Do you notice the drift of all these false religions around us? These people are all trying to rid themselves of sin, and they think they must do it themselves. See what they will do, how unceasingly they work, to be holy. If they can but be convinced that they are wrong, and that the Saviour of the Christian is such as we represent, then they believe very quickly.

"Now, my dear daughter, do you know how they can be convinced of the truths of the gospel when they hear them? The Holy Spirit alone can show them this, and now comes an important part of our work. 'God is more willing to give the

Holy Spirit to them that ask him than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children.' You know how much your mother and I love to give you whatever will make you happy, if it is in our power; now, think, 'God is *more* willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.' He will give us his Spirit if we ask him, and he will give it to these people in answer to our pleading.

"I believe that what good has been done here has been in answer to the prayers of God's dear children. There have been both the praying and the working; they must go together. You have learned how the missionaries are working and how fervently they are praying. Christians in a more favored land than this sometimes forget that they are keeping souls from being saved because they are not praying more. If they could see these poor idolaters trying in their own wrong way to be saved, they would want to do all in their power to point them to the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.'"

I enjoy these talks with father very much. He clears up a good many doubts for me; he knows that I want to be a real true, earnest Christian, and he helps me along wonderfully. If my trip to India does not improve me in any way apparent to

others, it is bringing me nearer my Saviour. I feel it, even though evil is so often present with me when I would do good. Pray for me, Argyle, that I may be entirely Christ's.

XXIV.

THE ROYAL VISITOR.

WE are having a real rainy day in Dehra, something entirely new in my experience here. This is the *chota barsat*, or little rain, which lasts only a few days in the winter. Dehra is a very convenient place to live in, as far as the weather is concerned. The rains last about two months in the summer. After that you need not consult the clouds nor the almanac, for you will have clear weather for the remainder of the year, with the exception of these little rains. Not being used to all sunshine, I enjoy the dashing of the rain for variety.

Yesterday we were out making calls, and I must confess that I feel considerably relieved to have it over. They have such a strange custom here among the Europeans. Instead of waiting for persons to come to see them, the new-comers have to go out and pay the first calls. It was for these that we went with uncle, aunt and Ella. Ella and

I had our cards writted in the true English style, "Miss Mansfield" and "Miss Grafton."

The only proper time for making calls is between the hours of ten A. M., and three P. M., and so we took good care to keep within the proper limits. We drove up to the door, gave our cards to a servant, who took them in. He soon returned with his hosts' salaam, which meant a readiness to receive us, and we entered the house. If they do not wish to receive you as a calling acquaintance, the servant returns with *darwazi band hai* (door is shut), and you drive on.

We were not so unfortunate as to meet with this kind of reception at any place, for uncle and aunt knew those who would receive us cordially, and with whom we would wish to be acquainted. Aunt says that when a lady is going away from the place for any length of time, she must go all around and bid her friends good-bye, and when she returns, she must make the same round before she may expect them to call on her. Perhaps it will seem strange to you if I say that amid all the idolatry of this land there is an English society here as fashionable, as frivolous and as gay as that found in the capitals of civilized nations. Then, again, there are those who sympathize with the mission

work, and who do much for it. Some of the English in India are devoted Christians and delightful people.

While I am writing of society I may as well tell you of the honor conferred on this lovely doon the other day by a visit from Prince Alfred, duke of Edinburgh, the queen's sailor son. The event has kept the station in a commotion for more than a week, and has been the prominent topic of conversation. His coming to Dehra was an uncertainty till Saturday last. All day Sunday and Monday people were engaged in fitting up a house for his reception. Furniture, sofa-cushions, tidies, albums, pictures, flowers and other nice little things were sent in to make it pleasant and comfortable for his Royal Highness; streets were swept, and things generally put in such order as can readily be done in a country where men are so plentiful.

About five o'clock on Monday afternoon he arrived. The next morning he reviewed the troops of the station, afterward held a levee for the gentlemen citizens, then went up to Landour to see the Snowy Range. In the evening he invited the officers of the regiment to dine with him. This morning he breakfasted with them, after which, with his suite, he set off for Saharanpur. He is a

plain-looking gentleman of twenty-five, and Chat thinks not more regal in his appearance than any one else. Doubtless the thousands of natives who congregated to see the *sardar* were much disappointed, for they have little idea of royalty in citizen's dress. The girls from the school were out to see him. He bowed to them, which pleased them very much. One of them said to her teacher, "How meek he looks!" Another, "Our rajahs always sit straight up and never notice anybody; how gentle he seems!"

So much for the prince. We are all studying Hindostanee at home, and begin to use it to our servants. They are more polite than I fear I should be under the circumstances, for we do make some terrible blunders, and they do not laugh at us when it is possible to resist it. But we haven't made any mistakes worse than that of a missionary lady I heard of the other day. She wanted a dozen bricks for something she was doing, and told a servant to bring her *barra unt* with the air of one who knew what she was saying. Now, the word for brick is *int*, and that for camel is *unt*, so you may imagine that the man looked at her in amazement. She repeated the order, whereupon the servant made his salaam and set off. He was gone

a long time to get a few bricks, and the lady wondered what kept him. Finally the man came and brought, instead of the twelve bricks she had waited for so patiently, a string of twelve camels! They were fastened together for marching in the usual way—a rope through a ring in the nostril of each tied to the tail of the preceding animal. We had a good laugh over this, and know now the difference between *int* and *unt.*

Ella helps me along very much in learning the language. She can talk to the servants in Hindostanee as fast as in English, and knows how to tell me to speak certain difficult words. We play school quite often, Ella being the teacher and Chat and I scholars. Chat always makes mistakes, and sets us laughing before our lesson is half over. Ella threatens to expel him, but he goes on studying aloud, rocking backward and forward in true Eastern style, pretending to be so absorbed in his book as not to hear her. But we have a good time of it, and I hope we learn a little. You will see when I come home how much Hindostanee I can say to you.

XXV.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

DEAR BROTHER: I have a better opportunity of knowing about the principal girls' school of this station than of those in other places, so I will describe it more fully. It will show you how the dear missionaries in all the stations labor for the boys and girls of this land. This particular school at Dehra is like one of which I wrote in Allahabad, but different in some respects from the majority of the schools. It is a boarding-school for girls whose parents have either become Christians or have at least forsaken their false gods.

They may be qualified here to teach and to understand the mysteries of housekeeping, of which their mothers are entirely ignorant. One of the missionaries says that some years ago it was found that, while many of the young men were becoming educated, the girls were not only unable to read, but were idle, knowing little or nothing of ordi-

nary household duties, to say nothing of the many little arts of rendering home happy. There were orphanages, which were greatly needed and doing a vast amount of good, but they did not meet this want. A sort of normal school was needed. You know that only women can teach the women here, and an educated native Christian woman can accomplish more than a foreigner.

After much thought and prayer, it was decided to found this Christian girls' school, where the girls might learn what would make them useful in any relation in life, not only in mental, but in domestic, pursuits. Above all, it was the desire of its founders to teach them the word of God, and to consecrate the whole to him in humble trust that he would bless it in the conversion of the children. That was eleven years ago. The school had a small beginning and not a dollar in its treasury, but it has gone on steadily increasing in numbers and prosperity. Many have gone out of it who are showing that their teachers have not labored in vain.

Parents who can afford to pay tuition are urged to do so; those who can do this only in part are asked for the amount they can afford. Some are supported by persons here or at home, others by

Sabbath-schools or churches at home. It is very pleasant for a Sabbath-school to have charge of one girl in that way, to do for her and pray for her till she becomes a missionary.

Every child learns to read her own language in the Roman character first; meanwhile, other instructions—object-lessons, etc.—are given both in English and Hindostanee. She next learns to read the English, in which most of her more advanced instruction is of necessity given. She also learns to read her own language in the Persian character and the Hindoo.

One who took charge of this school in its infancy, Miss C. L. Beatty, has recently passed to her long, glorious rest. She labored constantly, year after year, for the good of these dear girls. She saw the school increase and one after another come out upon the Lord's side. But her strength was not sufficient for the increasing pressure. Again and again she asked for help, but the means were not in the treasury at home, and she must toil on with the few noble assistants around her. So she worked until compelled to return home. That school is a nobler monument to her memory than one ten times the golden value of the Taj. It is worth living and suffering among the heathen to

have such a record as is hers, "and her works do follow her."

The school-building is a fine two-story one, but still not large enough for the seventy or eighty girls in the family. There is a house building which will accommodate them better. Rev. Mr. Herron and his wife have charge of the house, and Mr. Herron is principal of the school. They very kindly showed us through the house when we called there. In the centre of it, on the first floor, is a large room used for a chapel and assembly-room for the school. Around this on every side are rooms used for recitation-, dining- and sleeping-rooms for the girls. This tier of rooms, with a hall and staircase, makes the building a large square structure, on each of the four sides of which is a deep square verandah, added like a wing to the centre of each front.

The second floor is divided in a very similar manner, and used for apartments for the family, the native assistants, the larger girls study-, dressing- and bath-rooms. The verandahs, as well as the house, are two stories high. The roof is made of cement, and flat, except in the centre, the middle room being higher than the others. The inner rooms are connected with the outside ones by

double window-doors, which have to be left open the greater part of the year. It is a sort of out-door life we live in any of the houses here.

The verandahs have lattice-work half way down from the roof, below which are hung *chicks*, or curtains, which can be rolled up or let down at pleasure. Thus by spreading down a carpet and lining the *chicks* they make a cozy little parlor of one on the second floor, and in hot weather delightful sleeping-apartments of the others.

Of all the pleasant parts of this house the large flat roof, with its substantial wall around it, is the most delightful. And such a view of such a country as it commands! I can give you no idea of it. I almost forgot where I was in the midst of such beauty. On the south your eye rests upon the Sewalics, on the north the higher ranges of "the hills," and between, the beautiful Doon stretching as far as the eye can reach. This is certainly one of the loveliest spots on the face of the earth.

The compound is a large one, with its proportion of beautiful trees. It has one row of pines, then the mango, cotton tree and, among many others, the bamboo, in which Dehra abounds. Indeed, if I were asked what impressed me as the striking features of the station, I should say its bamboos and

its rose hedges. The former grow in clumps, and their long branches curve over on all sides very gracefully. In some places a clump planted at each side of the carriage-way forms an entrance to the compound. The effect of this giant arch, thirty or forty feet high, is perfectly grand. Then the rose hedges, perpetually blooming, you can imagine, are lovely. In February they take on a new life, and for some months bear more flowers than during the hot season. After the summer rains they again renew themselves, but are never barren.

XXVI.

DEHRA SCHOOLGIRLS.

HAVING been permitted to go to the school many times and learn about it from the teachers, who are so kind as to give me the information, I have become very much interested in the subject, so you will not be surprised at my recurring to it again. The work of the house is so divided as to give something for every child over five years of age to do. The washing, sweeping and cooking are done by servants, but preparing vegetables, setting tables, making beds, dusting, etc., are all done by the pupils.

Each one tells every school-day morning what she has done, the native teachers reporting on the whole. Work is assigned to each for three months, and then a change is made. It sounds very amusing to hear the little ones say, "I ground the salt," "I helped to dust," etc. All the smaller children are under older ones, who teach them; in

fact, every branch of work has its circle of girls, with a reliable, experienced one at their head. I must tell you something of the native teachers.

Margaret, or Aunt Margaret, as she is called, is such a good, sensible woman. Her husband and herself were both educated Christians. Her husband was something of a poet, and wrote in Hindi. She has such a motherly air as she walks about the house, always in her spotless chuddah. She underderstands the Hindostanee and the Hindi, but not so much of the English. She spends part of her time as Bible-reader in the city, and bears the Bible truths to many who have never heard them before. Aunt Julia, her sister, who is also a widow, is engaged in the same way, and doing the same good work. Each has a daughter teaching in the school, Lizzie and Sophy. They are very intelligent young women and earnest Christians—a very great assistance in the school.

Their programme for the day is generally the following: The teachers rise between five and six, take chota hazari, ride on horseback for an hour and a half or two hours—without this exercise they could hardly perform their many duties here—breakfast at eight o'clock, then worship, school at nine, and intermission from twelve to one. They

close the school at three, when the girls are taught sewing for an hour. Dinner comes late in the afternoon, then worship.

I suspect you think I am very minute in some of these details, but I always like to know all the little particulars when persons write to me, so I am doing as I would be done by. I wish I had time to tell you of a number of these girls: I know you would be interested in them; but can only mention two or three.

One has had a sad history. Her parents were Mehters. For some slight cause her father stabbed his wife, and was himself arrested and hung. There were two children, Gungia, four years of age, and her little brother, only six months. They were brought to the school, and Gungia would sit and hold the little baby and fondle him for a long while without wearying of him. Soon after that she was badly burned from her clothes catching fire at the grate. It was thought best to send her to the hospital, where she could receive the proper treatment. Here her love to her little brother showed itself. He was taken ill, brought to the hospital and died while she was there.

She has learned to love her Saviour, and with many others is greatly endeared to the missionaries.

There is a gentleness and patience about this people which one cannot but admire. The girls will stand for hours, if you wish it, and chase away headache with the soft, gentle touch of their hands. It seems to be a pleasure to them. Patience is the peculiar virtue of the natives; they seem to regard our impatience very much as we do their lying.

There is one bright little girl here who keeps the others laughing during their playtime by her witty speeches and perfect mimicry. She is one of the smallest; in fact, she entered younger than pupils are usually taken. Her mother, a deaf-mute, brought her into the compound one day and communicated her desire to have the child taken into the school. She said that she would beg her own way through life, as before. Both were the most abject specimens of humanity you ever saw.

The child was reluctant to come to the missionaries, and when brought forward acted as if she were taking her life in her hand; but while they talked kindly to her the fact of their being friends suddenly flashed across her mind, and she burst out into a loud roaring laugh; the whole scene was a very touching one. The poor woman went away and left the child, who I hope will learn the true way

of life. The child was four or five years old, and as wild a little creature as you ever saw.

The first operation was to bathe and reclothe her, when she showed how bright she was. Her name was *Chulchul*, which means a little tease or mischief. The poor mothers have a superstition that if they give a bad name to a child it is not so likely to die. Hence it often happens that children come to the mission with some such name, and in that case it is changed. Little Chulchul is now Carrie T——.

The other day, in company with her teacher, I visited one of the girls who is sick. She was formerly one of the happiest of the whole number, but has now an affection of the spine. Finding that she had become too ill to study, her mother asked permission to take her home. She has a house in the city, where we went to see the poor girl. The house is made of unburned brick. It has no glass windows, only two or three doors, which, of course, are left open during the day. I think there are three rooms, one back and two in front. There is little furniture besides the *chárpáis* (native bedsteads). These always form seats for the daytime, and are moved about wherever one desires. There are also a few wicker-work stools or *morás*.

The yard is surrounded by a high mud wall, with a door or gate, which I suppose is kept locked at night. A large mango tree shades the house. In one corner of the yard a "toothless crone" was cooking at a little mud affair for that purpose. She is the family-servant, and wears the dress often adopted, though not always, by the Mehters—striped cotton pants, loose above, but tight-fitting at the ankles, a loose sacque and a chuddah.

We found Charlotte lying on a board with only a thick quilt over it and no pillow. It seemed a very trying position, but was according to the doctor's order. Some of her fellow-pupils had been to see her the day before, and she told us how much she enjoyed their visit. They had talked to her, read to her, sung to her and prayed with her, making her very happy. She is very cheerful in her suffering, and thankful for these attentions.

There is a good deal of interest on the one great subject in the school at present. For months some of the girls have met daily, of their own accord, in one of the rooms, to read the Scriptures and sing and pray. Sometimes it is twice a day. Last Sabbath one of the girls said to a teacher, "What a good day we have had to-day!" In the evening some of them were sitting out in the compound in

the moonlight singing the hymns they have learned, and some of the teachers went out and sat with them.

I wish you could hear their singing; they have a natural talent for it, and it is very beautiful. They sing all our sweetest Sunday-school hymns and others, so that you sometimes hear the English words, but oftener the Hindostanee. At this time they had been singing, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" "We shall gather at the river;" "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" and several others. One asked the minister if he would pray with them. He did so, and it was a solemn scene, those dear children bowing in prayer in the quiet evening in the bright moonlight of this Indian clime.

One of the pupils of this school who became a teacher, has been married and called to her eternal rest, both within a few months. I will copy the account of her marriage, written by one of the teachers of the school: "Parma, one of our native teachers, was married this afternoon. Nine years ago she came into our school, a poor little orphan child, from the Mehters, or very lowest caste of society. Here she was educated; here, for some time, she was taught, and here she found a home. Her

kind, affectionate manner and truly Christian spirit have won for her the love of her teachers and little pupils, as you would have been assured had you been here to day to witness the preparation for the wedding and the sad leave-taking afterward.

"We had a holiday, of course. Early this morning the girls commenced decorating the chapel with green twigs and vines, roses, jasmine, etc. Meanwhile, Aunt Margaret and Aunt Julia were attending to the more substantial preparations of clothing. The bride's dress was a white muslin with a chuddah, which is much like a veil at home. The girls arranged a wreath of white natural flowers for her hair, and altogether our little bride presented a very nice appearance. The groom's long coat was of the purest white, also his *pagri*, or sort of turban, which most natives wear. There were six bridesmaids, Lizzie and Sophy and four of the pupils, all in white.

"They were married in the chapel, after which all repaired to the dining-room, where refreshments awaited them, consisting of rice boiled with meat and curry, native sweetmeats and fruit. Then the children had a grand play under the trees, Parma entering into their games with as much zest as any of them. One of their great delights was throw-

ing strings of flowers unexpectedly over the heads of the bride and groom. But at last the time came for the parties to leave, when all seemed to realize the separation, for with one accord they 'lifted up their voices and wept.'

"Parma some time ago became a member of the little mission church here, and has lived a truly consistent Christian life. Her husband is a catechist, and they go to a new station where a native pastor has but recently been settled. Their work is to break new ground in the mission field. They go to a city altogether given to idolatry, and you will not doubt that our most earnest prayers are ascending to our heavenly Father that he will bless them and make them a blessing. It is thus that girls are being sent out from our school. Do pray for us that we may so train them that they will be fitted for great usefulness, and that God will grant his Spirit to them and us, without which all our labor is in vain."

It was but a few months later that the sad news of her decease was brought to Dehra. She had fallen a victim to cholera, or something similar. Her teacher again writes:

"I am sure you have not forgotten Parma, and will grieve with me over the sad news of her death.

She was ill but one day, and then, to use the language of her husband, 'went to rest in the sweet bosom of her Saviour.' It is one of God's mysterious providences. She seemed to have such a career of usefulness opening before her. But we know that he 'doeth all things well,' therefore I will not give way to discouragement or distrust."

I have filled more space with accounts of the girls' school than I had intended, but I love to dwell upon the mission life and work. It is the bright spot in the vast heathen darkness. Though the missionaries have their trials and hardships, they have a joy of which the world knows nothing, and consequently are happy. The suffering is outside. One of the missionaries here says, "You have only to pass through one of our bazaars to witness scenes of misery, squalor, suffering and debasement that would make your heart sick and lead you to feel that such an institution as ours is only one little grain of gold on a whole mountain of corruption."

XXVII.

ELEPHANT HUNT AND THE RAJAH.

THE most exciting topic of conversation just now in Dehra is a grand elephant hunt which occurred last week. It was led by a native rajah, but several Europeans were of the party. Uncle was one of these, and took Chat with him, much to the young man's delight. He has been talking about it ever since, but uncle has given us a more connected account of the affair. The rajah took with him forty *shikáris*, or hunting elephants; they succeeded in capturing seventeen wild ones, said to be worth four thousand rupees, or two thousand dollars, per head.

Most of them were caught singly, but at one time they learned of a herd of eleven which they traced to a narrow valley. They stationed themselves on the surrounding hills, fired into the trees and jungle, so as to frighten the animals out of their hiding-places, from which they came, then began

the chase. The elephants kept in regular marching order, even though retreating. The *bachas*, or young ones, have the central position, the weaker ones next and the largest, strongest fellows are on the outside.

When they were overtaken, the strong ones "showed fight," as Chat says. They are taken by nooses attached to chains, many of which must be in readiness, for they are often broken. Then the wild animal is chained on all sides, when begins the work of taming. He is not allowed to sleep or rest. Food is often presented to him, which he refuses for a long time. Accepting it is the sign of surrender. Sometimes this is the only means used, but frequently his hide is scraped with a long pole, which is shortened day by day as he grows more peaceful, until at last the attendant can stroke him with his hands. Fifteen days is generally sufficient for the taming.

One of the most valuable elephants was killed by a wild creature that had been noosed. The end of the chain was fastened to the *shikári*, and he was dragged over a precipice and had his neck broken. His *mahout* (driver) was upon his back, and went over with him. Every one expected to see the poor fellow dashed to pieces, but he came down on

the animal, and was saved. He mourned very much over the dead elephant. Each shikari has his mahout, who attends to him, and is with him a great part of the time. He not only becomes very much attached to him, but the elephant shows decided affection for his keeper. Very often an elephant will be perfectly obedient to the mahout, but will not allow any one else to give him orders. They are very intelligent animals. The commissioner of the Doon, who was one of the party, says he has hunted almost all animals that are hunted except the American buffalo, and never found any sport so exciting as an elephant hunt.

Five of the seventeen immense quadrupeds are about two miles from here, and we rode out yesterday to see them. They are fine-looking beasts, but they have a wild gleam in their eyes yet. Two of them looked really wicked, as if it would give them great delight to trample us under their big feet and then toss us out of their way with their long shining ivories. These two do not show any signs of accepting a civilized life, but the Hindoo baboo whom we saw there says that a few days only are needed to bring them to terms. The others are almost like those we see domesticated.

Chat has taken quite a fancy to one young one

about half grown, and the rajah told him that if he would stay in India this animal should be his. Chat could not promise this, and, should he own one, would be as greatly puzzled to know what to do with an elephant as any one else.

He comes out to see this particular one quite often, and is already on such good terms with him that he pats the rough skin and receives a look of recognition in return. Father says he would make a capital mahout, for the elephants seem to take to him naturally. Chat says he would like to stay in India more than a year, and have his elephant, even if we did laugh at him. There he comes now; he wants me to mount my pony and ride over to see the elephants again, and I think I'll go.

We had a splendid ride, found the elephants doing finely, especially "Joe," the little one. Chat fed him out of his hand. I was afraid to have him go so near, but the animal seemed perfectly harmless. The others are not tame yet by any means, but I suppose they will be in time. We came home a new way. In passing a temple we heard some one reading, and rode up to the door to listen. Half a dozen priests were seated around an old man with flowing beard and blue spectacles who was

reading to them from some sacred book. I hope they were edified; we certainly were not, for we couldn't understand a word.

These Hindoos have such queer notions! They must be very ingenious to make such stories as they tell and believe. A gentleman who was here last evening told us about the different ages of the world, according to their ideas, and of a great rajah who lived a very long time ago. I have written it down as nearly as I could recall his words, and will copy it for you. "They divided time into four grand periods called *jugs*." Chat thinks they must be pretty large "*jugs*."

"The first of these is the *Sat-jug*, or age of truth, the golden age, which lasted for one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years from the beginning of time. Next came the *Treta-jug*, the silver age, during which men began to degenerate from the holy and happy condition in which they had lived during the former period. It lasted one million two hundred and ninety-six thousand years. Next came the age of brass, or the *Dwapur-jug*, the doubtful age, which lasted eight hundred and forty-six thousand years. During this period man's character assumed a very doubtful aspect, but it remained for the *Kal-jug*, the last, or

iron age, in which we live, to witness the total depravity of the race. This last period, which is said to have commenced about three thousand one hundred and one years before Christ, is to last four hundred and thirty-two thousand years, at the end of which time the world is to be destroyed.

"Add the expired period of the *Kal-jug* to the entire time of the *Dwapur*, and then away beyond this, at some part of the silver age, we find the times of the good *Rajah Karan*. This renowned prince is said to have been born of a virgin. He sprang from her ear; hence his name (the word "karan" means ear). At his birth his mother determined to destroy him, and with this view threw him into the Ganges. A holy man named Dur Jodin rescued him from death, had him nursed and afterward carefully trained with a view to the high office he was to fill in after life.

"In due time he ascended the throne of Hustinapur, an ancient capital on the Ganges, not far from Delhi. As a ruler his character did credit to his alleged miraculous descent, but he was chiefly distinguished for his magnificent charities. It is said that he distributed daily about a hundred pounds' weight of gold in alms, performing, besides, many other works of benevolence, all on the same grand

scale of princely magnificence. When this good rajah became old, he settled his son on the throne of Hustinapur, bade farewell to all his friends and turned his face toward Kailas, or the residence of the gods, in the region of eternal snow.

"He at last settled down at the Karn-Pryag, the junction of the river Pindar with the Alaknanda among the snowy mountains. He built several temples, made suitable preparations for his approaching end, and at last, ascending a rock which hangs over the point where the mighty Alaknanda like a devouring monster rushes down upon the feeble waters of the Pindar and apparently swallows them up at one mouthful, he threw himself into the stream, and, as the Hindoos say, 'found salvation.'"

The natives seem to have little else to do than to tell and hear these stories. The women especially pass much time in this way, and it isn't strange that they have such very wrong ideas. I will try to take your advice, and not feel the whole weight of the heathen world on my shoulders, but if you were here, I know you would feel for them as deeply as I do. I cannot help thinking about them.

XXVIII.

THE SIKHS.

DEAR ARGYLE: I mentioned the Sikhs in a former letter; we see more of them in Dehra, and I will make them the subject of this epistle. They seceded from the Hindoos about three hundred years ago. Theirs was a protest against idolatry, but made in their own strength, and with none to lead them to the only true Object of worship. They soon relapsed into their former state, and were again bowing down to creatures which their own hands had made. They did not return to Hindooism, but remained a separate sect, having become, however, so divided and subdivided that it is difficult to tell what they believe.

All agree in worshiping the *Grunt*, a sacred book written by some of the founders of the sect. The men wear their hair long, as I told you before, and the women are kept behind screens like the Hindoos. Ram Rai was a fakir, and the son of an influential priest. He was sent on a certain mission

by his father, which not performing, he was excommunicated. Many persons rallied around him, and he became a leader of a large party. This Ram Rai resided in Dehra, hence his temple is here, and at this place thousands of people gather at an annual Sikh mela.

We ride to the temple frequently. It was built more than a hundred years ago. As is often the case, it is also a tomb, erected to the memory of Ram Rai. Off from the corners of this temple are four lesser ones to his four wives. The Sikhs build much larger temples than the Hindoos or Mohammedans, and this is one of the finest pieces of architecture in the country, though not to be compared with one in Umritser, which rises out of an immense tank, and is overlaid with gold from the water's edge to the top of its dome.

This one is square, with four minarets or spires at the corners and a dome in the centre. The former are covered with gold some distance from the top, and, you will readily believe, are very brilliant in the sunlight. By steps you can ascend on every side the immense platform on which the temple stands, but can go no farther. Here you are likely to meet the mohunt, or priest, a fine-

looking, showily-dressed man, who will come forward and offer you cardamom seeds, this being a part of his religion. The whole temple is very beautifully painted, and has none of the disgusting pictures of idols or representations of transmigration of souls so common on these buildings. The corner temples are much after the same style, but smaller and plainer.

The Sikhs have just had their mela, which, of course, we went every day to see. On the "great day" of the mela we went down through the city to see the raising of a pole, which is the important feature of the day. This pole, resembling a flag-staff, is said to be the abiding-place of their god, or, as some say, God himself. A new one is prepared yearly, covered with red cloth, raised, and stands till the next mela.

Hundreds assist in raising it, but so blinded are they as to believe that it comes up by miracle. After it is raised the poor people flock around, each anxious to present his token of silk or worsted with tassels, which is tied on the pole as a decoration. Thinking it would afford a better view, father engaged an elephant for Chat and me to ride. I felt rather timid at the thought of mounting so high an animal, but the huge beast moved so slowly and

carefully that I forgot my fears before we had gone far. A carriage could hardly have gotten through the crowd, but our solid pony went through, and gave us a fine view of all that was going on.

After leaving the pole we looked about for other sights. Here and there a hollow circle was formed in the crowd, where dancing men were performing, usually to the music of a rude banjo. At one side were twelve circular swings, each having four cars, and each car seating four persons. These were kept in motion by the turning of a crank, and were so suspended as always to remain upright in performing their revolutions.

Near the temple sat a priest reading aloud from the Grunt, and all who came within the sound of his voice were supposed to receive untold blessings. This book is kept in the temple, wrapped in many covers of silk, cloth, etc. When taken out for reading, it is laid on a small native bedstead, with silk pillows on each side of it.

Here and there was a miserable fakir—one with finger-nails left uncut till they had become long hollow tubes curled around his hands, very much in his way. Another had held his hand up till he had no power to use it. The hand and arm were both shriveled and useless. They are disgusting

objects. I don't see the connection between holiness and filth.

How glad I was to see the mission tents, and to hear the good men telling all who would listen to them of the Saviour of men! It was a relief from all the turmoil and excitement of the heathen festival to hear their voices, although but few of their words could we understand. Men and women stopped to listen as they passed along, then went their way, most of them doubtless thinking their own religion the best. But not all so listened. There was one man who stayed close to the speakers all the time we were within sight of them, and we learned afterward that he was very anxious to know the true way.

He had been well educated in a government school, and had read enough of the Bible to be convinced that his idolatry was all wrong. He finally came to the conclusion to give up his old religion altogether, and to be a Christian in secret. Lately he has seen that he cannot remain in that position. He will not return to his idols, and to profess to be a Christian would make him an outcast in the eyes of his wife and mother, who are bigoted Hindoos. He fears that, should he have to leave them in that way, he would lose all influence over them, and they

would be ruined. This troubles him more than the pain of separation, which would be great.

When he comes home, he finds the women bowing before an idol, and his mother, who has charge of the domestic affairs, insists on offering some of the food to the idol before any of the family taste it. It is very hard for the man. They say there are many such cases; the women are so ignorant and superstitious that they cling to idolatry. If they could be taught the true way, and have more knowledge, so as to see what senseless errors are in their belief, caste would not long continue. There is work for thousands of Christian women among their dark sisters of India, for you know that women alone can teach them. I asked father if he thought it was the duty of the man I just mentioned to be baptized and leave his family, for it seemed to me that his duties rather conflicted.

"Yes, decidedly," said he; "there is only one path to take. Duties never conflict; it is sometimes very difficult to learn which is the right, but God will show us if we ask him."

"But," I said, "God has taught that a man shall remain with his wife, and this Hindoo knows that by professing Christ he will have to leave his wife; he will be the cause of the separation."

"Let us see about that, my little lawyer; you argue very well, but I think a single illustration will show you where you are wrong. In the first place, God reigns supreme. We owe certain duties to him and others to our fellow-beings. Which are the higher?"

"Those to God, of course."

"Exactly; now, when the question arises in regard to two apparently opposite duties, all we have to do is to obey the 'thus saith the Lord;' the other will take care of itself. Think of Abraham being commanded to offer up his son a sacrifice. There stood the law, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Abraham would have been just as guilty as any one else if he had broken it, but when God commanded, he hesitated not for a moment. God's word was above all law, and though Abraham could see by his obedience only the worst consequences and the destruction of the covenant God had made with him, he believed that God would order such a deed only for the best. You know his belief was 'counted to him for righteousness.' Oh how long it takes us to learn to believe our heavenly Father just as we believe our earthly parents! One would think that would be the first thing, but in fact we hesitate and doubt and make

all sorts of excuses before we will lean upon the almighty Arm and be happy by simply taking him at his word."

"I see now, father," I said; "I believed before that the man ought to come out and be on the Lord's side, and yet that point was not clear to me. The law is very plain, certainly, as I now look at it: 'Believe and be baptized;' 'Do this in remembrance of me.'"

"Yes, and how naturally this passage follows the command!—'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' Here we have our whole duty: 'Follow Jesus and trust him implicitly.' I believe that, if we seek in earnest, God will show us what to do in every step of our upward path."

But I will not lengthen my letter by giving you any more of our conversation.

XXIX.

STREET-PREACHING.

MY DEAR BROTHER: We often stop to hear the missionaries preach in the afternoons when we go out riding. I wish you could take wings and fly over here, so as to go with us this afternoon; the change would be so great you would hardly know whether you had alighted on your own planet or one of its sisters. You would have the light faces of an American city exchanged for dark ones; the suits of black and gray for pure white robes (this is among the gentlemen: there are some who wear dark clothes here); hats for turbans; the great mercantile houses for little shops ten or twelve feet square having their floors covered with muslins, prints, cloths or other articles, the merchants seated in Oriental fashion in the midst of their wares. This is the world in which we are now living.

The usual place where we go to hear the preaching is before the boys' school-building, the verandah of which is the spot the minister selects. This

institution, which is principally for Mohammedan and heathen boys, has been in existence several years and is very flourishing. The teachers are all Christians, and the pupils are obliged to attend a service there every Sabbath. Rev. Mr. Herron taught a class there fourteen years ago, nearly all of the members of which are men holding good places in the government service. He has recently gathered some of them into a Bible class—Mohammedans, Hindoos and a member of the Brahma Somaj.

I may as well tell you here what that last term means, for I suppose if I don't you will ask me in your next letter, no matter whether you know or not. Father says they are little better than deists. Their leader is Keshub Chunder Sen, a learned Hindoo who has given up idolatry and the rites of his old faith, and takes what he thinks the best of other creeds. It is Christianity without Christ, if such a thing could be.

Father thinks it is the same belief we meet with at home under different names. The idea that, if we try to do our best, God will save us, rejecting the truths that our hearts are "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" but the name of Jesus.

A great many of the Hindoos believe their religion to be wrong, and are ready for a better creed as soon as the opinions of their people will allow them to change without becoming outcasts. This new faith comes to many of them as just the thing. Ours asks them to give up *all* for Jesus; they are not ready to do that, so they try in this way to serve God and mammon. Some of the good people here fear much harm will come from this new element, it contains so much that is good, and is so near the truth as to be taken for it by very many. Others think that it will be a stepping-stone to true Christianity.

Father talked to us a long time about it last evening, trying to explain to Chat and me the difference between morality and religion. He said that we were condemned criminals, every soul of us, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." The punishment for any one of our sins is eternal death. God has provided only one way of pardon, and if we do not accept that way, we are still unpardoned.

To talk of being saved by being honest and upright and moral is as if a criminal should say while in the prison awaiting his execution, "I think I shall not be hung, because I have been honest and done the best I could while here in prison." We

cannot say as much as that, for we do not do the best we can until we obey the command, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ;" then alone comes the sweet promise, "And thou shalt be saved."

But to return to the preaching. Yesterday we found a large crowd collected at the preaching-place, and such a motley set as I could hardly describe. These audiences are most variable. Sometimes but half a dozen are gathered, again a crowd, and the people are continually changing. You, of course, will not think of a studied sermon in connection with this preaching.

The missionary takes his seat, stops some man who is passing—perhaps a traveler—asks him of his business, where he is going, etc. Then having entered into conversation, the great subject is introduced. Others stop to hear, and a crowd is collected. This is one way. It requires much tact to devise necessary means for gathering and holding an audience, much wisdom and divine assistance to make an impression on these dull, hardened hearts. Sometimes small boys are among the most interested listeners. It is wonderful how early they become acquainted with the arguments for their own religion. Yesterday the minister said, in answer to an objection, "The

Shasters are false." A little Hindoo boy called out, "*Nahin, sahib; Shasters sach hai.*" ("No, sahib; the Shasters are true.") A man asked the sahib to tell something untrue that was in them. He took up the story they contain of the situation of the earth on the horns of a cow, which stands on a turtle that rests on a snake. At this a man asked how earthquakes were caused, if not by the tossing of the earth from one horn to the other when the cow became tired.

The missionary went over the proofs of the spherical form of the earth, which quite satisfied the child, who had learned geography enough to appreciate them. He was convinced that in one respect at least the Shasters were false. Uncle says we could nowhere find minds with finer powers for reasoning than in India; consequently, the missionaries have to be thoroughly prepared to meet them in argument. Chat said he couldn't see why they believed such ridiculous things if they had such good minds.

"What do you think we would believe," said uncle, "if we had never heard of the Bible, and had been taught error all our lives?"

"I suppose we should be wrong, of course," Chat said, "but I think our common sense would teach

us that the world didn't rest on the horns of a cow."

"I don't know; I very much doubt our ability to rise above the notions of the Hindoos if we had had their training. We have had examples of men rising to the very highest point to which human wisdom could lift them, and they have always fallen far short of the elevation of the humblest Christian. Men left to themselves are always shackled with prejudice and superstition and vice; it is the glorious gospel alone which sets them free. The gods of the heathen are always supposed to exact from their followers what causes them pain and often crime."

"Did the Thugs think they were doing right in killing persons?"

"Yes; that was a part of their religion. They were followers of the bloody goddess Kali, who is represented with a necklace of human skulls."

"Did they kill everybody they could? and are there any of them living now?" I asked.

"The government has finally exterminated them, I believe, but it took years to do it. To answer your first question, I will tell you something about them. They are also called Phansiagars, the word meaning a strangler. They always strangled their

victims with a phansi or noose, and worked in gangs varying in number from a dozen to sixty or seventy."

"What caste did they belong to?" Chat asked.

"They were composed of men of all castes, yet worked together in this horrible business. They were regularly organized and instructed. All they did was done with the utmost secresy, so that a man's friend, or brother even, might be a Thug, and he not know it."

"The whole band could not have worked together, then," said Chat, "or they would have been found out?"

"No; they divided into small parties and scattered themselves through the country. One man's part would be to decoy a traveler to some unfrequented place, or to detain a man where he was till another, lurking near, could reach the proper place to throw the noose over the head of the unsuspecting person. The man could utter no cry, and was a corpse in a very short time. One or two others would be near to dig a grave, gash the body and hide it from view. Each gang had its *jemandar* or leader, its *guru* or teacher, its *sothas* or entrappers, its *bhuttotes* or stranglers, and its *lughaees* or grave-diggers."

"Did they murder women and little children too?" I asked.

"Not the children; these they kept and trained to their own horrid trade. Their own children were Thugs, as a matter of course, for you know that among these Eastern nations a man always follows the business of his father, whatever it may be. They began early and gradually to accustom their sons to scenes of blood, and when they were sufficiently hardened let them witness the whole transaction."

"I am so glad there are none of these terrible men around now," I said, "for I should be afraid every time I stirred out of the house. I expect to dream about them to-night, as it is."

But I have written quite enough on this subject. I hope to have a more cheerful topic for my next.

XXX.

NOBILITY IN TENTS.

HOW delightful our drives and rides are now that April is here! The lovely Doon is more magnificent than ever. It is spring with us; the birds are more musical, the fruit trees are covered with blossoms and the air is laden with perfume. I have been interested in noticing the progress of the vegetable world. The bamboo and a few other trees have their leaves tinged with yellow and brown, from the slight frosts of December and January. One kind of tree is totally bare, others are just putting forth their leaves, others, as the willow, are farther advanced, the mulberry still more, but all showing the delicate green of tender spring foliage. Then there is the mango, with its heavy, dark, rich green mantle, and the pine, so that really every season is represented.

Of fruits we have the plantain, or banana, and

papita the whole year round. They bud, blossom and bear fruit continually. The papita is a most singular-looking fruit. It grows just underneath the foliage in a circle around the trunk of tree fifteen or twenty feet high. It is near the size of a musk-melon, and resembles it in color and rind. It has a great number of black seeds, but is not nearly as pleasant to the taste as our melons. The *loquots* are ripe just now. They grow on a large tree, resemble a large yellow egg-plum and have two or three immense seeds lying close together. Their taste is a pleasant acid.

In July or August the mango arrives at perfection in this latitude. Few varieties of fruit have as much flavor as the same in other countries. Apples and grapes look very tempting, but are insipid. Pears, peaches and other home fruits have little more than the name and appearance of the same elsewhere. Pine apples and many tropical fruits are equally inferior; even the plantains are not equal to those from the West Indies. You must remember that we are in the far north of India, and not apply all that I write about Dehra to the whole of this great land.

In this beautiful spring-time Dehra has again had distinguished visitors. Sir William Muir,

family and suite have been here on a march from Allahabad. I mentioned in a former letter that Sir William is governor of the north-west provinces. Notice was given to the citizens that Lady Muir would have a reception on Saturday last from ten to three. We would not have done our duty nor have satisfied our curiosity if we had not gone, so we went, and had the honor of being presented to her ladyship. They are warm friends of the missionaries, which made me like them all the more. After the reception the governor and his lady visited the girls' school, and seemed much pleased with it. The girls sang for them, "God save the queen," in Hindostanee.

Those who called upon them on reception-day were invited to their tents a few days afterward. We were asked to breakfast. Their great camp was a novel sight, I assure you. Its hundred tents, its cattle, horses, camels and elephants, made me think of Bible times, when people dwelt in tents and counted their riches by flocks and herds. Probably, Lady Muir's moire-antique and point lace did not correspond with anything Sarah or Rebecca ever wore; probably the tents were fitted up a little more handsomely than those of Abraham; but however that may be, we were made perfectly

at ease by the true courtesy of our noble host and hostess.

The station returned the hospitality of the tented party by giving a picnic for them. It was held in one of the wild, romantic spots so numerous in this vicinity, on the banks of what is usually a stream, but is now dry. The lack of water was supplied by an artificial waterfall made for the day from the canal above. The company was scattered over the high banks, seated on rocks. Below, in the bed of the stream, the cloth was spread and covered with all sorts of good things for eating. Servants, meanwhile, almost as numerous as the guests, are climbing up and down the rocks with plates and glasses to serve the party.

It is the custom of the country, when one is invited to dinner, or to any gathering where service is needed, to take his *khitmatgar* (body-servant) with him. These servants usually appear all in white—pantaloons, long coat, girdle and turban. I assure you they look very neat. Sir William's servants wore a scarlet livery. You can imagine what a picturesque appearance it gave the scene to have the red and the white uniforms going up and down the banks and to and fro among the guests. It only needed some in blue to complete our national colors.

After the picnic was over the company assembled at the officers' mess-house. There the grounds were beautifully lighted with Chinese lanterns. The band was playing without, and we had some very sweet music within. Here adieux were made to the Muir party, and the next morning they left the station.

The waters of the stream where the picnic was held are considered very sacred. Thousands go there every year, at the time of the Dehra mela, to bathe. What they did this year I do not know, for the stream was dry. Whether they felt that they were going away with the burden of sin still upon them, or whether the dust from the bed, which they sometimes used, was considered sufficient to cleanse their souls, I cannot tell. There are many caves in these banks to which pilgrims come. In one of these, by the constant falling of lime-water drop by drop, a stone is formed which the natives think very holy. The offerings to it in puja make it very dark. Steps have been cut in the rock up to it, and the floor is made smooth. Much labor and money must have been expended for this purpose.

In another of these caves one of the missionaries once found some men with a poor sick boy. They

had come a great distance to bring the child, believing that he would find health in this sacred spot. They had been waiting there a long time, but he grew no better. The minister and his friend showed them how foolish they were in expecting help from that source. They told them of the great Physician and the plan of salvation. The men were so far convinced of their folly as to leave the cave at once. Whether further good ever came of it, we know not. Mother says it is like much of our work in life for others' good. We must be content to keep dropping seed sometimes, without seeing even the little sprout. But we leave all in good care. The dear heavenly Father knows every effort made for him, and can bring about the results which will be to his own glory.

XXXI.

GOING UP HILL.

DEAR ARGYLE: Uncle's family and ours expected to have been settled at Landour for the summer by this time, but have been delayed, and shall still remain here for a week or more. Last Friday, however, I went there with uncle, aunt and Ella, and returned the next day. It was a most delightful trip. We were off at three o'clock in the afternoon; went in a carriage to Rajpore at the foot of the mountain, and six miles from Dehra. There is a broad, beautiful road all the way to this place, lined with mango, sisum and other trees. And here one of the most striking illusions of nature is experienced. Riding in the face of the mountain you imagine yourself making a gradual descent, when the fact is, on reaching Rajpore, you are far above Dehra. Even the water in the canal which supplies our station with that element seems to be running up hill, in spite of the law to the contrary.

At Rajpore a jhanpan and coolies were engaged for aunt, she not being able to endure so long a ride on horseback. The others of us had our ponies, which were waiting for us at Rajpore. The jhanpan and dandy form the only alternative to horseback riding on the hills, as the roads are too narrow and steep for carriages. The first is very like a child's carriage, with comfortable seats and a close top, which can be taken off if desired. It has two shafts at each end, and requires at least four coolies to carry it.

The dandy is a sort of hammock affair, made of native carpeting and attached to a bamboo pole. A very comfortable seat is formed, and it requires but two coolies for an ordinary person. Many prefer them to the jhanpans.

At Rajpore we mount for a ride of eight miles. Our narrow road takes us first through the Rajpore bazaar, now a zigzag course along the unprotected mountain side, making sudden turns where, should the horse shy, you would be plunged down, down, down; then again we go directly up through steep and formidable ascents. Every few minutes we are coming out in full sight of the Doon, each time with a more extended view, till we are able quite to overlook the Swalics, which bound it on the

THE JHANPAN.

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south, and to stretch our vision away down over the plain.

We reach Mysurie after a ride of five miles. A long native bazaar forms the connecting link between it and Landour. I can give you little idea of the effect of the houses scattered over the mountain sides and perched on top of the many peaks that meet our view. Occasionally you see one where the owner has been aspiring, and the turrets and walls give a very castle-like appearance to his home.

It was dark before we reached Landour, and the bright lights dotted all over the hillsides were very beautiful. I thought of Longfellow's "Excelsior" as we pressed on, for uncle's house is on the north side of one of the very highest peaks of this outer range. Long before our arrival there we felt ourselves in a colder climate, and had put on the warm wraps provided; but not until we were in the snug little parlor, with the closed doors and bright fire, did we realize how different it was from the Doon. We were thankful for such good servants as those who attended so well to our wants there, for we needed the pleasant little fire and the good warm supper they gave us.

The night reminded me of one of those cold,

freezing ones at home when you have the misfortune, in visiting a friend, to be put in the cold spare-room. I have seldom suffered more. There had been rain, which had increased the cold, and our systems were entirely unprepared for the change. The next morning, however, was lovely. We went on Lal Tiba (seven thousand five hundred feet high), just back of the summit on which the house stands, and looked first over Landour, Mysurie and the Doon, then turned northward to the snows.

The English shops, the club-house, the library, the hotels, the telegraph wires and the churches tell you that you are not out of the world in Landour, even though the way there leads you through wild and difficult places. Here are fine, level roads, protected by solid walls, winding around the hills. One is called the Mall. Here is the Sanitarium, where invalid soldiers are brought to recruit.

Casting our eyes again southward, we see the Doon, about fourteen miles in width. There is Dehra in the midst of its beauties. From it you can trace the road to Saharanpur as far as the pass in the Swalics. At the left is the Jumna, at the right the Ganges, or Gunga, but they are distant. Perhaps they could be seen in the most favorable

state of the atmosphere, but to us they were not visible.

But let us turn to the north. It is eighty miles in a bee-line from us to the nearest point of the Snowy Range, which bounds the horizon. Between, lies, not a valley, as I had supposed, but peak after peak of these grand old Himalayas rise like mighty billows of a sea solidified. The deep shadows in the snows surprised me. When the sun shines upon them, they are perfectly dazzling, but in the shade you would be astonished to notice their dark appearance. The deep ravines that separate the peaks are almost black.

These peaks all have names, but I cannot remember many of them. One has a name which means "Monkey's Head," another, "Monkey's Tail." One sharp point rising against the sky is called Tent Peak, and the points from which the Hindoos believe the Ganges and Jumna receive their waters direct from heaven are called respectively Gangootra and Jumnootra. The extent of mountain is said to be as great on the north of the snows as on the south, giving them a breadth of one hundred and sixty miles. A valley very similar to the Doon lies on the north side.

Uncle told us many of his adventures among the

snows which were full of interest. He says there are Hindoo temples at various points among these mountains. One of them, situated at Badrinath, made me think of Mt. St. Bernard and its monks. It is in a very cold place, and the priests come out in the sunshine all wrapped up to keep themselves at all comfortable.

Many men make pilgrimages to these temples, traveling over snow and ice, with the idea that they will be the better and holier for it. We saw a number of them this morning who had just come from the snows. It seems very strange to stand here and see the Doon in all the verdure of a tropical summer, and on the other side snow and ice and winter. I have received a practical lesson on a grand scale of what I learned in school. I know the fact that as we ascend above the earth the air becomes cooler, but it is a never-ceasing wonder to me.

On Saturday afternoon, as we returned, we stopped at the shops to make a few purchases, for at this time such establishments are moved up hill, and we in Dehra must go there for what we need in their line. These "hills" are a great comfort to the missionaries. Some of them are there every summer who might otherwise have to return home to recruit their health.

XXXII.

THE RAINS.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I write again from Dehra, for we are not yet settled in Landour. The rains are really upon us, and for two months we may expect but little else. I love to watch the clouds around the tops of the great Himalayas, sometimes settling down heavy and dark, again light and scattered, as if they were caught in the trees. It is pleasanter to us just now than to those at Landour and Mysurie, who are living literally in cloud-land. The distinctness with which the mountains come out after a shower is wonderful; they seem to be just upon us.

I feel it a daily privilege to live in sight of these "everlasting hills." They afford a constant lesson on the infinite power of God. The weather is not very uncomfortable now, and with the aid of the *punkas* we get along very well. These *punkas* are a great comfort; they are large fans which are kept going to and fro over our heads by means of a cord

attached to them. A servant sits in the room, or sometimes in another room, and keeps the machinery in motion by pulling the cord back and forth. As I have told you, these natives are very patient, and this is good business for them.

It rains two or three hours every day on an average, and is cloudy most of the time. The sun beams upon us occasionally, however, giving us an opportunity to dry musty clothes. But I must tell you about the animal world, as the whole country now swarms with animal life. It is the reign of scorpions, lizards, white ants, centipedes and cobras. It isn't safe to run your hand down in your trunk or bureau drawer out of sight, but you must take up each article carefully and unfold it or shake it out. You will be very apt to shake out something that will run off at a rapid rate. Then the white ants do not improve the flavor of tea or soup when they drop from the ceiling over the table.

These ants are very curious little fellows. They are really ants, you know—not the termites of Africa, which sometimes are called by the same name. They always work under cover, and make most beautiful little archways of earth cemented by a slimy secretion from their bodies. Under these the work of devastation goes on, but, what is more won-

derful, they will throw out a perfect little tubular bridge from the wall to a piece of furniture within four or five inches of it, through which they can pass. One frequently sees large cones, in traveling, which mark the place of old stumps that they have first covered with earth, then eaten, and sometimes turned them into their dwellings.

When they get into your trunks, the first intimation you have of their presence is generally in finding articles near the top very damp. As you go down you come to the creatures themselves and their work. If they have been there two or three days you will find such a riddling as will defy all efforts at mending. At the beginning of the rains great numbers of them, but not all, take to themselves wings. Those so favored have grown very large, and thereafter do no harm save to annoy you for a few nights by getting into the light, breaking off and scattering their wings in all directions. After this they seem as well contented to crawl about on their feet as if they had never known a higher sphere. It is said that, like the bee, they have a queen; if she be killed, their work is hindered.

They are sometimes carried by vessels to distant ports, where, from their rapid increase, they are con-

sidered far from a desirable importation. We have our trunks set on bricks, which is some protection against the ants, but watchfulness is necessary. Ella and I were startled a day or two ago by the effect of the work of these little pests. I went to the washstand in our room to wash my hands, and had just raised the pitcher to pour out some water, jarring the stand as I did so, when down came the stand very much in the style of the "one-hoss shay," though all parts had not given out. The ants ran in every direction, and the wreck was a curiosity. I am going to bring some of the pieces home with me, just to show you. We had placed the washstand too near the wall, so the little fellows got into it and ate the inner parts of the legs until they were mere shells. They looked perfectly solid, but were so thin that the slightest pressure broke them.

I am sure that nobody but a Hindoo could practice the Hindoo religion, for there are so many insects of all kinds and descriptions that I am constantly trying to kill them. A Hindoo has the patience to bear with them, and treat them very civilly too. Many of them would not kill a mosquito for anything.

But let me turn to something more enjoyable in

the line of North Indian productions. Our strawberry season is just over. For two months they were on our table daily. Now we have the mangoes, which are considered the most luscious fruit in India. The ordinary variety is near the size and shape of a turkey's egg. It has a green rind and a large white stone covered with a long white fibre. The children delight in drying these, combing out the fibre and playing they are sheep. The pulp is of the consistency and color of good rich butter. The trees grow very plentifully; groves of them may be seen in every direction. The dense evergreen foliage forms a grateful shade for weary travelers. The Bombay mango grows on a small tree, but the fruit is larger and richer than it is here. The stone has no fibre. It is cultivated and flourishes in many parts of India. I wish we could bring a mango grove to America. The fruit is delicious, according to my taste.

XXXIII.

TO THE DOON AND BACK.

OCTOBER finds us in Landour. Our rains are over. The air is cooler and purer. The country is bright and fresh and beautiful. We have spent a comfortable summer up here above the great heat of the plains, and even of the Doon, sheltered though it is from the hot winds by the friendly Swalics. Now we are thinking of making the descent. Uncle and aunt had to go down to Dehra last week, and took Ella and me with them for the change.

In returning, we started before five o'clock in the morning. This was rather early to rise, but we had to do it to arrive before the hot day came on. After our chota hazari we were off, and reached Rajpore about daylight. We passed through the bazaar in time to see the bunyas taking down the boards from the fronts of their little shops. The women were grinding at the mills. These mills consist of two cheese-shaped stones with a handle from the upper one, doubtless such as were used in Bible times.

Hindoo Women Grinding at the Mill.

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They were preparing meal for the day's use. Then there were combing of hair, bathing and sundry other duties which are interesting to watch in a native city. One man was saying his prayers over a rosary, but with face turned outward, so he missed nothing that was to be seen in the bazaar.

When uncle, Ella and I had reached the half-way house between Rajpore and our destination, we stopped to wait for aunt, who had not yet come in sight. As she did not arrive, I began to fear that she had been tipped over into one of the ravines, but finally she made her appearance. She had had a very annoying experience. She started with eight men, for whom she had paid at the hotel, but on reaching the head of the bazaar found that four of them had run away. As the jhanpanees would not carry her, she was obliged to walk back to the hotel, a good mile, for more men.

As a rule, the servants of India are models: I often wish we could have some of them at home; but the coolies are a rare exception. They have no principle, and travelers in the hills are quite at their mercy, so they can be independent. The proprietor said to aunt when she returned, "What can I do? If I thrash them all round as they deserve, I shall be fined fifty rupees. If I cut their pay,

I shall not be able to get another coolie." If he had complained to the superintendent of the Doon, doubtless it would have cost him so much time and trouble that he would lose all he gained, so one couldn't blame him very much. Those persons living in the hills often keep their own jhanpanees, paying them by the month, and are saved this annoyance.

The way up the mountain begins to seem familiar to me, but it is all too grand ever to appear common. The flowers in bloom remind me of home. Lady-slippers, four o'clocks, morning-glories and dahlias are growing in wild profusion. The summit of Lal Tiba is a perfect garden of wild dahlias of many varieties. I can never convey to your mind the picture we have constantly spread before us now. These mountains are so high, the ravines so deep and the prospect so extended that it is painfully grand. For days after I first came here some part of the view would rise before me whenever my eyes were closed. Often have I been wakened out of sleep by falling over an imaginary precipice, but I am more accustomed to the grandeur now.

It gives one a strange sensation to find in this place the dress and fashion of a European capital.

In shopping here one finds all sorts of beautiful and costly dress goods to suit the taste of the gay Briton. Here many who have been in "the service," or have accumulated wealth in the heat of the plains, retire to spend the remainder of their days in ease and enjoyment. Landour has four Episcopal churches, and a union service is held for dissenters. Here too are heard the chimes of convent bells, showing that Rome has also placed her standard among these distant snows.

In coming down to Dehra this time we saw a tiger, which was quite an adventure. Chat was determined to have a good look at him, and I expected every minute to see him come out of the jungle and pounce upon the daring boy. I could only see the glaring eyes of the tiger and his beautiful skin in one glance, then got myself as far away as possible. His lordship did not act as if he cared to harm us, for he went in the opposite direction. I never feel quite at ease in traveling about here, on account of the wild animals and snakes. I suppose I should get used to having them in the country if I lived here long enough. Perhaps I could then laugh at timid persons, as my friends here do at me.

It was in this same trip that we saw some snake-

charmers. It was wonderful how they would take the cobras in their hands, wind them about their arms and do anything they wished with them. You know I never liked these reptiles, so I didn't enjoy the fun nearly as much as Chat did. These Eastern jugglers and charmers surpass anything you ever saw. I am not surprised now to see them do almost anything.

My next letter will be from Dehra, as we expect to move down in a few days.

XXXIV.

THE PARIAH.

DEAR BROTHER: We are so soon to leave Dehra that we have not taken a house again, but are staying at uncle's, which Ella and I enjoy very much. One afternoon, not long ago, uncle came into the house leading a Hindoo who seemed hardly able to stand alone. He was a Brahmin, and an intelligent-looking man.

Aunt was astonished when uncle said he would like to have a bed provided for the man, and some nourishing food. You know the Brahmins will not touch food prepared by any one but a Brahmin, and would lie on the ground rather than rest on a Christian's bed. This man, however, seemed to be very grateful for all that was done for him, and when he was made comfortable, uncle explained the matter to us.

The man was dangerously ill, and when it was thought that he could not recover, his friends took him down by the Ganges to die. They stayed with

him for a while, but found that he got no worse. Then a priest was going to stop his mouth and nostrils with mud from the holy river to put an end to his life, but the man refused to have it done.

He was evidently better, and there was a possibility that he would recover. This was a fact much more sad to his friends than if he had died, for when one returns to life and health after being brought to the Ganges to die, he is a pariah or outcast for ever. His dearest friends cast him off, and will have nothing to do with him. So with the signs of returning health in this man his friends all forsook him, and he was left alone near the horrible burning-ghat without strength to leave the rough bier on which he had been placed.

As soon as he could he crawled away to a tree not far distant, and got a little food from some Mehters who passed by. He had lost his caste by not dying when his friends thought he ought to have died—that is, Gunga would not receive his spirit when brought to her—so he might as well eat from the hand of a low caste Mehter as from a Brahmin. Besides, he had now plenty of time for thought, and he could see how hard and stern and comfortless was his religion.

He had heard the padre tell of One who died

that man might live, and who did this all for the love he bore us. He had once stopped a few minutes to hear this new creed, and passed haughtily on. He had thought himself holy already, with no need of a sin-forgiving Saviour. But now he was spurned by man and spurned by the great Gunga, where should he turn for help? The words of the padre came to his mind, and he thought them over till he wished to know more of that new religion. He wished that some one would tell him how to find that wonderful Saviour—just such a one as he needed.

As his strength came, little by little, he made his way farther and farther from the river till he reached Dehra. Uncle found him in a shady spot not far out of the city, and began a conversation with him. He soon learned his history, and talked to him of the blessed Jesus who would receive him when all others despised him. The man listened intently.

"Is all this true, sahib?" he said.

"All true, and more than this; let me read you some verses from the word of God: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out;' 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin;' 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely!' "

Uncle explained to him that this Saviour would satisfy all the longings of our thirsty souls. He asked him if his religion had done that.

"No, no, sahib; this is what I want: 'Whosoever will.' This *must* be what I want, but I thought your belief was a very bad one. I must read your little book."

Uncle told him that he should have one of his own, and was glad to have him read it. He seems much better already, and is fascinated with the "little book." He has long talks with father and uncle, who think that he is already a Christian and will be a noble follower of the Master. He told us about his wife, of whom he seems very fond. He had allowed a Christian lady to teach her, for he wanted her to know as much as the other women of the house. This gave him a hope that she would be a Christian, or at least that she would not now regard him as an outcast.

Uncle wrote to the teacher about it, and we were all rejoiced to hear that the woman had become a Christian soon after her husband left her. Upon hearing this the man was overjoyed. He sent word

to his wife that if she would leave home to live with him, he would be ready to take her away on a certain night. The wife, delighted to know of his health and his change of faith, was only too glad to leave the home where she was despised by almost all as the wife of an outcast. They came directly here with their little boy, and a happier family you could not well imagine. She is a sweet, gentle girl of sixteen, and the boy a manly little fellow of a year and a half.

The man is well educated, and is determined to study theology, so as to preach the gospel he had before despised. For the present they live in a little mud house, and he has obtained work enough among the Europeans to support him. The Hindoos would not have him do the least thing for them, as he is a pariah. Uncle says that there is a city made up of these poor outcasts and their descendants. It seems that a number of Gunga's worshipers have mistaken the time in coming to her. It makes me sad every time I think of the followers of such a god.

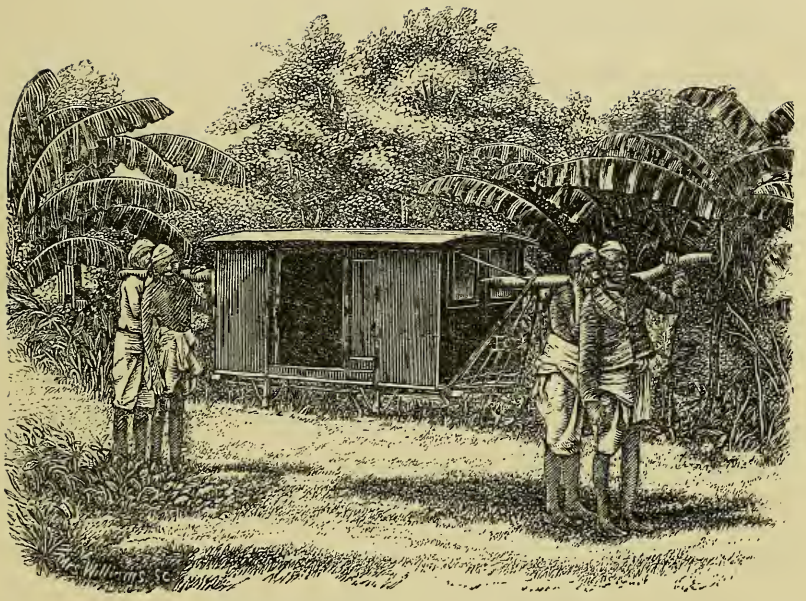
But I must close, and thankful am I that I can say "adieu." It is a sweet thought to be able to commit our dear ones "to God"—to the ever-living God who never slumbers nor sleeps.

XXXV.

SABATHU.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Take out your large map again and see where we are now. We have left Dehra, that spot more beautiful than any other I have seen or ever expect to see in this world. Ella came with us. Her parents are to meet her at Ambala when we return from our tour in the Punjaub. Then we shall have to bid them farewell. We sent our baggage on to Ambala ahead of us, and from that point are now making our sallies. I am not sure that I have used that word quite right, but will let it stand. Chat came in a few minutes ago, and to tease me took up my letter and read off a string of nonsense that isn't here at all in a very oratorical style. He caught sight of that word, and said I had seen more than he had, for he hadn't met one *Sally* yet in all his travels in India. I believe he grows worse instead of better, for sometimes he does tease me unmercifully. This is a digression.

Mother and I wanted to try the *dholi-dak* mode



THE DHOLI, OR PALANKEEN.

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of traveling from Dehra to Saharanpur, so we all came in that way. First, the little man who contracts for the journey is called. He comes into the parlor, puts his hands together as natives do in receiving a favor, makes his salaam and is ready for orders. His book is taken, and an order written in it for a *dak* of the required number of men. This allows six men to each of us as bearers. They are to be paid four annas (twelve cents) each for a stage of eight miles. An extra coolie is required for torch-bearer, and a responsible one is sent to see that the others do their duty. As there are five stages between Dehra and Saharanpur, it takes *thirty* men to convey each of us that distance, a fresh set awaiting us at each station, besides the torch-bearer and overseer. The *dholi* (or palki, as it is called in some parts of India) is a box just long enough for a person to stretch out in, and is carried on the shoulders of the coolies.

We pay for the oil and establish ourselves as "two-anna travelers," which is told from one set of men to another, and we have little trouble. At the end of each stage father is waited on for *backsheesh* by the departing coolies, and through the pass he is begged for extra men to scream and throw stones at the tiger. The tiger does not seem to

move him, and as our dholies are raised again, we lie down and go to sleep. This is about the most comfortable mode of journeying I ever tried. The bed is nicely made, the swing of the vehicle puts you to sleep and you get over forty miles in a night with very little fatigue.

It was a two days' journey from Ambala here, but we all enjoyed it. We took dak-gharries (or post-coaches) such as we traveled in last year. The ride of thirty miles to Kalka, at the foot of the hills, was an uninteresting one, there being but little variety in the plains, as this level country is termed. The horses were rather better kept than is usual for dak horses, and were more disposed to start at the proper time.

Chat said that he didn't have half the fun he expected, for the horses did not back nor kick nor plunge about half as much as in our other dak ride. Only once was it necessary to burn wisps of straw under their noses, and but once to throw a rope around their bodies and pull them forward. To the others of us, however, the ride was much more agreeable for the improvement.

We saw little else than sand for many miles. This was relieved by the kikkar (*Acacia Arabica*, or gum arabic tree), which grows very plentifully

in these parts. It is a very crooked tree, but the foliage is very delicate. It consists of small light-green leaves. The wood makes beautiful furniture. The grain is marked by very pretty contrasts of light and dark. You know, of course, about the gum, and, on the whole, must pronounce it a very useful tree.

At one place, while changing horses, one of our drivers spread down his blanket and said his prayers. Father, seeing him so devout, afterward began to talk to him about the Christian religion. He told a strange story which, mother says, shows us one of the ways the father of lies takes to close men's hearts against the truths of the Bible. He said, "A Padre Sahib and a Mohammedan had a discussion as to whose religion was the true one. It was agreed to put a Bible and a Koran into the fire, and the book which remained unburned was to be acknowledged by both parties as the one teaching the true faith. The Koran came out without being scorched, and the Padre Sahib became a Mohammedan." The poor driver seemed really to believe this, and to think it an argument which could not be answered.

We reached Kalka near nine P. M. As we neared the hills the kikkars gave place to pines

and species of tall, coarse cactus, very plentiful in these mountains. We engaged a suite of rooms (that sounds very grand, but they were extremely plain apartments) at Mrs. McBarney's hotel. It did not take us long to unpack, spread out our bedding on the native bedsteads, have our supper and retire to sweet slumbers.

We were all too tired and sleepy even to wonder what kind of a place we were in. The next morning, though, we were ready to look around us. We took a walk, and found Kalka very much like any other native town. After getting permission, we strolled into a private garden which was rather pretty. It is made in terraces, as the whole city is, on the hillside. Ripe oranges were hanging from the trees, plantains growing, and other tropical fruits. But what pleased me most was the bunches of chrysanthemums. They seemed like home, and made me almost homesick.

We returned to the hotel for a breakfast of beefsteak and *kitchery*, bread and butter of course included. Have I mentioned kitchery before? I rather think not. It is a dish made of rice boiled with a kind of oily grain called *dhal*, spices, etc., and is very much used by Europeans in this country. It is one of the native dishes modified

to suit the European taste. We find several such in use here. Rice is really the staff of life.

But to proceed on our way. After having the usual amount of delay and bustle attending the strapping of bedding and starting our cavalcade, it was ten o'clock before we were on our way up the mountain. We left the carriage road, and had to confine ourselves to ponies, dholies and dandies. As you will imagine, it took a small army of coolies for ourselves and our luggage. Distances are recorded here more by marches than miles. Two marches are generally a day's travel; that is the distance from Kalka to Sabathu.

We engaged three ponies and two Bareilly dandies. Father and Chat rode, while Ella and I rode the third pony and occupied the dandy alternately. Mother preferred a dandy for the whole way. She is not as fond of horseback-riding as the rest of us. A dandy is very much like a hammock with a pole at each end which is placed on the shoulders of men. It is intended for lying down. The Bareilly dandy is a variety of this article, and is a very comfortable affair. It has an oval, boat-shaped frame of bamboo with long handles or poles at each end. There are cross pieces at the ends of the poles which rest on the shoulders

of the bearers. The seat is of carpet or bedding, and takes its shape as you are raised from the ground.

For nearly five hours we were winding up the sides of the mountain, making a hundred turns, now around this peak, then around that, till at three o'clock we reached Kasowli, the end of our first march. We had planned to be here in the middle of the day for several reasons. One was the fact that, being much higher than Sabathu, the weather is much cooler, and we would have felt the change from the plains had we remained overnight. It was five o'clock when we again took to our ponies and dandies, and four hours more brought us to Sabathu.

In the morning we had been glad to have every protection from the sun we could get. We all have solar *topis* or hats made of pith, which we could hardly dispense with in this climate. Mine is covered with light alpaca and lined with green. In addition to these, leaves and parasols were used, but on leaving Kasowli I was glad to make a hood of my breakfast shawl, so much cooler was it in that place. Warmly wrapped up as we were, this last march in the clear moonlight was very delightful. The greater part of the way was descending,

but a long hill had to be mounted to bring us up to Sabathu.

It is not possible for me to describe this lovely place, so different from any I have before seen. Imagine a large valley surrounded by high mountains, then a high, beautiful hill at one side of this valley. On such a hill is Sabathu. Father calls this a vast amphitheatre. Whatever way we turn the mountains rise before us, with deep ravines intervening. Three or four steps from our verandah bring us to the brow of the hill, where a false step would send one rolling down a thousand feet, if not stopped by one of the two or three roads which wind around the hill. One takes in so much at a single glance that the eye and mind are wearied by the effort.

You can count forty native villages on the mountain sides. Lying in full view is the territory of a native rajah, with his palace and a small city about it. The cultivated fields shelved out on the mountain side are most beautiful. But the whole scene is so grand I can give you no idea of it. Two marches from here is Simla, a large and important place, which is visible, lying, as it appears to us, nearly under the peaks of snow. The government officials leave Calcutta for this place every

summer, and find a delightful change from the heat of the plains.

Our good missionaries are at work in Sabathu, and though, as elsewhere, it seems a slow work, they are doubtless doing more than they realize for the Master. Two of the large boys of one of the mission schools have a little school of their own which the missionaries oversee. We went one day to this school, and where do you think we found it? On the roof of a little mud house. Ella and I both laughed at first—we couldn't help it—to see the little fellows sitting on mats moving backward and forward, studying away like good boys. The teachers had chairs and a table. Mother says that many of them will never forget these lessons, and she does not doubt that some will make missionaries when they are grown.

But my letter is becoming long, and I must close.

XXXVI.

LODIANA.

ANOTHER new place—Lodiana. We are seeing so much that I can give you only a glimpse of it as we pass along. I wish you were here with us, then you would have the whole, and your big head could hold it better than mine. Lodiana is seventy miles from Ambala by rail—a ride of three hours. We returned to the latter place from Sabathu, starting again from there early one morning. There is little of interest on the way. You would expect the Punjaub—that is, the country of the five rivers—to be well watered, but the soil is so light that it soon returns to powder after the rains. Now all vegetation without long roots is brown and parched, except where the land is watered artificially.

We go through a strip of the Patila district, over which is a native rajah. Parts of this district are cultivated, but much of it is a jungle of tall yellow grass so well represented by the pictures at

home that I was constantly looking for the wild beasts to put their heads out. We pass through several native cities, each containing a fortified *serai*, or inn. These were built at convenient distances from each other by the old Moguls to accommodate them in their marches. We stop at four of these cities, and arrive at Lodiana at nine o'clock.

The desert of Sahara could hardly be more barren than Lodiana without cultivation. This same tall jungle grass seems to be all that grows spontaneously. Hard, beautiful roads have been made of a kind of limestone called kunkar. Fine large trees line each side of these roads, making delightful avenues for walking or driving. The mission compound itself seems a little oasis in the desert. It is not green, like Dehra, or our own America, but has pleasant shaded roads and a goodly number of trees. These keep fresh because their roots strike deep enough to find moisture for their nourishment. I heard a minister use this fact for an illustration of Christians, and it seemed to me very beautiful. They can be happy although their earthly comforts all be taken away, for they have a Source of joy which can never fail.

The garden contains a grove of mango trees which makes a sheltered place for walking or sit-

ting, and the whole settlement has a social, home-like appearance. Four nice little kothis are occupied by the missionaries. There is a neat little church, besides a printing-house and book depository. Outside the compound is a native Christian settlement, the people of which are mostly connected with the press.

One of the ladies of the mission is engaged much of the time in zenana work. Among the families she is now teaching is an exiled royal family from Cabul. Part of them are very anxious to learn the truth, and one wishes to be baptized. Another family is that of a Persian doctor, where she is very warmly welcomed. Wherever she goes she finds women begging to have her teach them, and only wishes she could do it all. One of the missionaries said that "mission work, wherever you go, seems like attempting to level a great mountain with one little spade. But with God all things are possible."

This is the point where the missions of the Presbyterian Church in India began. That was in 1833. The first missionaries were Rev. Messrs. William Reed and J. C. Lowrie and their wives, but Mr. Lowrie was the only one of the party who reached this place. Two years later, Rev. Messrs. James

Wilson and John Newton arrived, and now the work was fairly begun. The latter has ever since been laboring in India, and is now stationed at Lahore. Who can estimate the good he has done? Persons speak of soldiers being brave when they go into battle without flinching, and I think they must be so, but surely no greater heroes could there be than these men and women who then left their homes to live among the heathen. They had the first and hardest of the work to do, the beginning.

They were in much danger also. Even at a later date the country was so unsettled that the missionaries were requested not to begin to preach at once to the people at Lahore, lest it should be the cause of disturbance, and Europeans were not allowed to live out of certain limits, because, if they did, they could not be sufficiently protected by the military or the police.

Think of the little band so far from home among the millions of idolaters! It had taken them six months to come here, and only after another six months could their friends learn of their arrival. They could not hear what was going on at home until half a year afterward. Yet they do not regret coming, not one of them. It was all done for

Jesus, and he has said, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sister, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold; *now in this time,* houses and brethren, and sisters, and mother, and children, and lands with persecutions; and in the world to come, eternal life." Now we can come here in a few weeks and hear from friends every week. Persons can go all the way around the world in less than three months, so no one need dread the long distances between them and the heathen as they did formerly.

Lodiana is also the place where the "world's week of prayer" originated. The ministers who met here a few years ago asked the Christians of the whole world to pray together the first week of every year, and they do it. In many languages, from millions of hearts, ascend the petitions of God's people, and God hears them. We should hardly have expected that from the little Christian band in the heart of this idolatrous land this request should have come, and yet it is not strange; they are men of prayer and feel its power. I am sure that God only can make these people believe the truth. Mother quotes very often the text, "God is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to

them that ask him than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children;" this makes me think more about the asking than I am afraid I otherwise should do.

We visited the little mission cemetery of Lodiana, where have been placed the mortal part of several dear ones of the mission circle who have gone to the upper Church. Here is the grave of the Rev. Dr. Levi Janvier, whose life was so noble and useful, and whose death so sudden and so sad. He is the only one of the missionaries of our Board in India, except the victims of the mutiny, who has been intentionally killed by the people. One other—the Rev. Isidor Loewenthal, of Peshawar, in the far North-west, a man eminent for learning—in the same year came to his death by violence at the hands of his own watchman, who mistook him in the night for a robber.

In Dr. Lowrie's "Manual of Missions" is this short account of the terrible death by which Dr. Janvier "entered into his rest": "He met his death on the 24th of March, 1864, at a mela, whither he had gone to preach and distribute tracts. The meeting was closing, and the brethren, having partaken of the Lord's Supper, were preparing to separate on the morrow. In the evening, Dr. Jan-

vier was met by a fanatical Akali Sikh, and felled to the ground with a club. The murderer fled, but was overtaken and secured. He was afterward tried in a criminal court, found guilty and hanged. His victim languished, speechless and insensible, till morning, when his spirit took its flight."

XXXVII.

LAHORE.

WE have now arrived at the old capital of the Punjaub. There is very little to interest one on the way from Lodiana, yet we are always seeing something new in this strange land. The new iron bridge over the Sutlej, a few miles this side of Lodiana, deserves a passing notice. It is more than a mile in length, and was five or six years in building. When nearly completed according to the original plan, the river had so changed its channel as to make the addition of several new spans necessary.

The country itself is sand, sand, sand, and barren enough except where it is irrigated. As you approach Lahore the *frans*, a kind of tree that grows with very little moisture, and old tombs and temples, in different states of preservation, relieve the monotony of the desert plain. The trees decrease, while the old buildings increase, its desolation. You would at first mistake the tombs for temples. They are

so spacious often as to be fitted up for dwellings, offices, etc. One of our missionaries lived in one at Lahore for a time.

Coming nearer the city, signs of life appear, and ere you reach the station you observe not only the change wrought by cultivation, but are surprised at the stirring, business-like air about you. The extensive manufacture of cars and railroad iron is the principal cause of this appearance of enterprise.

The dépôt would be an ornament to any city in America. It is some five hundred feet long, built of brick, and can be converted into a fortress at short notice. Father pointed out to us the turrets, port-holes, etc., which would be very useful in time of war. The mission property is only a few hundred yards from it, and the dwellers there would be glad of such defence in case of another mutiny.

The station and settlement about are called Naulakha, usually spelled Nowlucka by the English, which indicates its pronunciation. The house is still standing which was formerly occupied by a rich native said to possess *nau lâkhs* (nine hundred thousand) of rupees, from which the name is derived. Two railroads unite and end at Lahore—viz., the Punjaub and Delhi coming in from the

east, and a short one running south to Mooltán which connects with the Indus valley road.

South and south-west from the station are twenty acres of land owned by the American mission; ten of these are under cultivation. There are three comfortable houses for the missionaries, a nice little church and the best built houses for native Christians in the mission, except occasionally one owned by its occupants. Like nearly every house in Lahore, they are built of bricks quarried from the compounds. The city has in this way risen from the ruins of the Lahore of past centuries to be still a centre of power in the Punjaub.

Father and Chat are much interested in the digging and building going on about us. They say that the men first find small broken pieces of brick called *rorá*, but digging deeper, they come to brick very well preserved. Chat has just been telling us a story which I was inclined to doubt, but father says he saw it all himself. They are repairing one of the mission houses, and while unearthing bricks for it the workmen found an old well containing several skeletons. How I wish I knew their history! It is sad enough, no doubt — a tale of Mogul cruelty; perhaps some old Bluebeard has made this disposition of his wives.

Half a mile west of the station is Lahore proper, with its moat, its massive walls and ponderous gates. The principal gates are the Delhi (or Dehli, as the word should be spelled) and Lohári, or Blacksmith's. The government or municipal committee have had gardens laid out more than three-quarters of the distance around the city. There is a very fine drive through these which we did not fail to enjoy. It is indeed refreshing, after riding through the barren plains of this country, to be set down in the pleasant compound of Americans, and to find these gardens of beauty open to us.

We rode out about three miles on the Amritsir road to the garden of Háliniæ, said to have been laid out under the direction of Akbar the Great. It is very large, and has double rows of fountains set in a sort of canals which cross at right angles near the middle of the garden. It contains summer-houses of white marble, a bathing-house with one apartment after another, the walls gayly ornamented, and two houses for Europeans. There is also an inclined plane formed of blocks of marble beautifully carved with deep semi-circular indentations, over which the water falls, making beautiful ripples thereby. Then there are tropical fruit trees, mangoes, oranges, etc., flowers, and a profusion of roses.

It has been kept in good repair, though of course much of its original beauty is lost.

A mile and a half south-west of the station is Anárkali, mostly occupied by Europeans. Here also are very fine gardens. The name signifies a pomegranate flower, and was given to this place in honor of Anárkali, the favorite wife of Rangut Singh. A mile south of the dépôt is the government house, and four or five miles south-east are the military cantonments of Meanmeer. All these and much more are included in the district of Lahore. The palace and tomb of Rangut Singh are within the city walls.

Father is gathering all the information he can get about the education of the young Lahorians. He says that the American mission has a fine boys' school and nineteen branch schools which instruct fifteen hundred pupils.

The church mission medical college has a new building in progress, of semi-Oriental architecture, which is to cost one and a half lacs (one hundred and fifty thousand) of rupees. There are also the high school for Europeans, the government college, government boys' school, male and female normal school (native), Christian girls' school, boarding and day school for European girls, English school,

under native auspices, supported in part by the rajah of Cashmere, and the Oriental university for the purpose of studying Oriental languages and literature.

One would think that the people might all be learned in Lahore, yet the missionaries tell us that there is a great deal of teaching necessary besides what is done in these schools. Some ladies go into the zenanas and teach there; some have a class of women who come to their house and learn to read and sew; others gather children from heathen families and teach them, or have them taught by native teachers.

At four of the gates are chapels, in each of which religious services are held twice a week. We attended one held at the chapel outside the Delhi gate, and wish you could have been there with us. We were on hand very early, so as to miss no part of the service. One of the missionaries arrived on the ground at the same time with ourselves, and after greeting us sat down outside of the chapel. Some boys were talking when we came, and stopped to look at us. The minister asked one a question, and soon got into conversation with them. Then a man who was passing stopped to see what was going on. The minister was asking what the great

god which stood in a temple near could do. One of the boys answered with great warmth that he could do everything.

"Can he make you well when you are sick?" the minister asked.

"Oh yes," the man answered, confidently.

"I know a man who is very sick; will his god heal him if I ask him?"

"He will if we take him a very, very large offering; if we don't pay him enough, or if he isn't in a good humor, he won't listen to us: we have to be very careful what we do to him."

"But I wouldn't worship a god who gets in a bad humor, and who asks so much for what he does. He cannot be very kind to those who serve him, to treat them so."

Several others were around the steps by this time, and one called out, "He's very holy, sahib; he does wonders."

"I can tell you of a God who loves his followers, who loves you and wants you to serve him. You can ask him for what you wish, and he will give it to you if it is best for you to have it. He treats his children just as you would treat yours. If your son asks you for something good, you give it him if you can, but suppose he wants something

that would do him harm? You keep it from him because you love him too well to have him injured. It is just so when we ask anything of God. He knows what is best for us, and will give it if we ask for it, but he withholds what would injure us."

The speaker then went on to tell of the great gift of a Saviour, and drew more to hear him. By this time the chapel was lighted, and he asked them inside to listen further to his teaching. We waited to see them go in, and were about to enter ourselves when we noticed a woman who had stood at a little distance, yet within hearing of the minister's voice, standing there still and weeping. Ella, who could talk to her in her own tongue more readily than any of the others, went to her in her winning way and asked what was the matter.

"I come here every time the sahib comes," she said, "and I believe in his God. The dear Jesus who died on the tree loves me—I know he does—but all of our large family pray to an idol; that is why I weep."

"But God hears you when you pray," mother said; "you can pray for them, and you can tell them of the dear Jesus who gave his life for them."

"Ah, yes! I do pray every day and every night

that they may love the true God, but when I say anything about him, they treat me badly and say that I am no better than a foreigner. I don't care for this if they would only be saved."

Mother talked to her several minutes in the way she has of comforting everybody who needs comfort. I was surprised to hear mother talk so fluently in Hindostanee. The woman looked up gratefully at her, and was evidently much better for the help and sympathy. We asked her to go into the chapel, but she said she must go home. Mother would not let her go until she had told her where she lived, so that one of the ladies of the station could see her and talk with her.

The chapel was nearly filled by this time, and the minister was listened to attentively. Men came out and others went in, but many remained until the close of the meeting. There are two other preaching places besides these chapels, where service is held once a week. On Sabbath the ministers each preach twice, once in English and once in Hindostanee.

They tell us that it is warmer here in summer than at Dehra, and cooler in winter. The mission has a sanitarium at Dharmsálá in the hills above here. This is a necessity, for the missionaries

could not endure the climate year after year without the change.

We young folks wanted to go to Dharmsálá very much, but father said we should have to leave that out of our tour for want of time. We have left a great many places out—or, it would be better to say that we have seen only a very few spots of this immense country. But I am sure that I have learned very much in this year. I hope my letters have shown you that I have added to my very little stock of knowledge by coming to this far-off land.

I have tried to give you a hint of what I have received, yet there are so many new thoughts, new ways of thinking, new pictures, that I cannot find words for them. This great heathen nation oppresses me; the millions on millions who know not my precious Saviour, and who die without hearing of him, fill me with sadness. If the Christians of America could see this densely-peopled land even in such a glimpse as I have had of it, it seems to me that they would come in a body like the Crusaders, who left their homes for a less worthy object, and teach this people the way of life. I want to return here to do it when my school-days are over. As I think of Jesus on the

cross, he seems to say to me the words which led Count Zinderdorf to him: "This I did for thee; what doest thou for me?"

It is wonderful how much good the few missionaries have done here; mother would say that it is not strange, for God is on their side. It is the bright side of the picture, which is certainly bright enough to encourage any one to work here.

XXXVIII.

ITINERATING.

WE are enjoying our stay at Lahore very much, especially our intercourse with the missionaries. Since my last letter was sent we have been out on an "itineration" with one of the good padres and his wife. They kindly allowed our whole family to form part of the company, and we all had a good time. Chat decided that if he ever became a missionary, he would like the itinerating part best. I should like it for a change, but not for steady employment, I am sure.

After making inquiries about a station called Chungá Mungá, about forty miles distant on the Mooltan Railroad, the minister decided to go there, though his information about the place had been rather limited.

We learned that there were a city and villages not very remote from the station, and a canal bungalow somewhere in its vicinity of which we could

probably get possession. - On the strength of this, we took the evening train a week ago last Friday for Chungá Mungá, having with us bedding, table furniture and stores to last a week.

Arriving about ten o'clock, we learned that there were two bungalows a mile and a half distant, one belonging to the canal, the other to the Forest Department; the former was unoccupied, and we were quite free to take up our abode there. You must know, in the first place, that the government has taken possession of immense tracts of forest, and besides, as in the Punjaub, has planted many hundred square miles of land in trees. These tracts are divided into sections, and give rise to a class of very desirable civil offices. In this almost rainless district the land must be irrigated. This is accomplished by a perfect network of canals, which are fed from one of the Punjaub (five rivers).

The bungalows I mentioned are for the accommodation of superintendents and sub-officers in their regular rounds of inspection. Our first plan, on arriving at Chungá Mungá, was to spread out our beds at the station and go in search of the bungalow in the morning, but on afterthought we concluded to send coolies and servants ahead with luggage while we followed leisurely behind.

The fresh smell from the forest was most delightful after snuffing the dust of Lahore, and the bright moonlight revealed to us a view equally pleasing to the eye. Reaching the compound, large and well stocked with trees, we found a comfortable house of seven rooms, large and small, all on the ground floor, furnished with tables, chairs, charpais and matting for the floors.

After supper, which the consáman (cook) prepared for us, and spreading out our beds, we made the most of the remnant of night left, and awoke deeming ourselves almost in a little paradise. As a specimen of Anglo-Indian hospitality, I should tell you that there were two gentlemen of the Forest Department at the station when we arrived, one just leaving on the up-train, who regretted exceedingly that they could not have known of our coming, so as to have had dinner awaiting us, etc. The one who remained sent his servant to show us the way, had his horse saddled for the missionary, called twice, and in other ways manifested his good feeling.

We found that the city Chuniá was seven miles distant; our reverend friend intended riding over to it on a tour of inspection with reference to a longer itineration, but we learned that there was a dāk bungalow or something of the kind there for

the accommodation of Europeans, and, as he had brought quite as much work in the way of writing and accounts as he was equal to in his spare moments, he decided to confine his operations to points nearer at hand. He thinks it much better to preach regularly for a week or two in one place, taking up Bible truths in an orderly manner, than to go about from place to place, as is often done.

There is a village of about three hundred inhabitants some two miles from the bungalow. Thither we went on Saturday, the chokidár (watchman) of the compound accompanying us to show us the way. Arriving at the village, the chokidár informed the people that the minister was a padre sahib, that the padres were holy men among the Christians whom the people worshiped. The missionary at once corrected this impression by telling them that they were only ráh dáklánewálás (literally, showers of the way; guides).

The simple-minded people listened with great attention to him. On the Sabbath he was not well and did not go out, but on every succeeding day while we remained went and preached to them. The interest seemed to increase rather than diminish to the last.

The walk from our bungalow was a pleasant one,

for some distance following a road in the jungle, then along the bank of a canal, finally over broad, open fields of grain to the village. Entering, we came at once upon a sort of open place where the people congregated. This was surrounded by houses and shops, all of mud. I saw nothing sold but flour of different kinds and red peppers, that I remember, though from the numbers of buffaloes and cows which were continually traversing this little dirty square, raising a stifling dust, I conclude that milk forms a large part of the diet of the natives.

On seeing us come, the people would bring out a charpai for us to sit upon, and, if it were not already gathered, the padre would open his Hindoostanee hymn book and "sing up his crowd," as Chat termed it. Nearly the whole village came out, many women standing back on the outside of the crowd. On going to the village the second or third time, the minister said to father, "I shouldn't wonder if by to-day there would be some organized opposition; perhaps we shall find a priest with his book ready for a discussion."

Sure enough, on entering, we found on a sort of elevated platform by a shop an old Sikh fakir with a a portion of the Grunt (his holy book) open before him, a companion on each side of him, a man on one

side and a boy fakir on the other. He at once addressed the padre, told him to listen, and commenced reading what to our family was utterly incomprehensible, being pure Punjaubi, which language he also spoke; but the minister got the drift of it, and adroitly taking up some part of what he had read, succeeded in quieting the old man in a respectful manner, and, excepting one or two slight interruptions, had no further trouble from him. The fakir did not come again.

A young Mohammedan who had got a "little learning" somewhere, and was anxious to display his knowledge of Arabic, tried very hard to start a discussion. Taking up a remark that had been made to the effect that while there had been many prophets and holy men, guides to show us the way to heaven, there had been but one Saviour, One through whose mediation the way was opened, he said that Mohammed was a saviour. The missionary asked him to bring the Koran the next day and show him the place where Mohammed claimed to be such. (It had already been stated that Mohammed had made no such claim.) Of course he was unable to do this. He was not altogether silenced, but on the whole gave little trouble after this.

One evening, after the preaching, an old man came to the minister, saying, "Oh, sahib, I am too old to learn, but won't you send us a teacher, that these children may learn?" He told him that in Lahore they had hundreds of boys gathered in schools, but how impossible it was to furnish men for little villages where there are so few to learn.

Returning to the bungalow at dusk, or after dark, many fires were kindled along the edge of the compound, around which were groups of natives sitting, chatting and smoking the kukká. The minister would go and have a talk, usually a quiet one, with one or more of these groups, and father generally accompanied him, while the remainder of us went to the house—not into it, for we enjoyed the veranda more. It was a singular sight to see the fires about the compound, and the dark figures now and then moving about in the lurid light. It was a new, wild life altogether, such as we could hardly have on our hemisphere.

Those evenings were delightful ones; I shall always remember them. The missionary lady told us so many interesting incidents that had come under her observation, and we were never weary of listening to them. I asked her one evening about a native lady I saw in Lahore, and she gave me her

history. This lady was a Bengáli *bibi* (lady). Her parents, who lived in Calcutta, were wealthy Hindoos, and she had been taught to read in her childhood. She married a man of her own caste and grew up a bigoted Hindoo. Some time after her marriage she removed with her husband to Allahabad. Here a kind Baptist lady visited her and gave her instruction, but according to her own account she was very rude to the lady and fully set against the truths of our blessed Book. Meanwhile, her husband had procured a Bible, and was studying it, and she finally promised the lady to read it.

Last year the family came to Lahore, the man, his wife and two sons aged about thirteen and ten. The bibi brought her Bible and read it, according to her promise. She became more and more interested in it, till at last she felt that she must confess Christ as her Saviour. She knew no Christian here, and it is not strange that, in this large city, no Christian knew anything of her.

As her husband was out of employment for a time, she persuaded him to take her down to Agra, where she had met with some missionaries. She sought out these friends, who received her kindly and gave her instruction. Soon after this she announced to her husband her intention of being

baptized. He, meantime, had lost his interest in Christianity, was very angry at hearing this and treated her very cruelly. She, however, was firm, but upon her receiving baptism he left her and returned to Lahore.

She occupied rooms in the house of her missionary friends for a few months, when her husband wrote her that he would receive her again, and she rejoined him. Her jewels, which are numerous and costly, she committed to the care of an English gentleman coming to Lahore, as she did not consider it safe to carry them herself. This gentleman informed our missionaries of her arrival, and they visit her frequently. The babu has lost caste by receiving his wife after her baptism, and is not allowed to drink from the same vessel with his Hindoo associates. He is called the Christian babu, and I hope he will become a real Christian.

Another noble native Christian formed the subject of our conversation one evening. If you could have heard our friend's account of his earnestness and his trials, you would have been as much interested in him as we were. The man's name is Maiya Dass; he was a Hindoo, but educated in the government school at Amritsir. A few years ago he heard one of our missionaries preach

in the bazaar, and was so impressed that he obtained religious books and read them with great care. He became convinced of the truths of the Bible and thought he would be a secret follower of Jesus.

A native Christian minister came to preach at his station, and after frequent conversations with him persuaded him of his error. Maiya saw that it was his duty to confess Christ before men, but how could he do it? His mother, one of the most bigoted of Hindoos, according to native custom, had the management of household affairs, and insisted upon presenting the food that she had prepared for the family, first to idols. Of her he had little hope, but his wife, whom he had taught to read and write, he fondly trusted would, if he waited for her, espouse Christianity, and be baptized with him.

But the decision was made, and he wrote to Rev. C. B. Newton to come from Lahore and baptize him. We were shown the letter he sent, and it is so full of trust in his Saviour that I will copy it for you.

"My Dear and Reverend Sir: Blessed be the name of the Lord who has so mercifully given me strength and courage to come out boldly and

confess his name openly at last! I am so happy to inform you that I hope to be baptized on Sunday, the 14th inst., and *I have made up my mind.* It is the Lord that has done all this for me, even for me. I have suffered much in struggling with the worldly concerns which can be more easily imagined than described, but it is all over now; I feel calm and happy as I am; although a storm does come now and then, it is soon driven away by Him who is my Strength, my Rock, my All.

"As I would like it very much that you may baptize me in the name of the Lord, therefore I shall be so happy if you could come without putting yourself to a great inconvenience, but I am afraid the heat may be of some hindrance in your way. Mr. Isa Charan says he will baptize me on Sunday if you cannot come. I would have received the holy baptism immediately, but have put it off till the approaching Sunday, that, if possible, you may come, which will, I can assure you, give me great pleasure.

"Hoping you may be able to come without putting yourself to much trouble, I remain, my dear sir,

"Your unworthy friend in Jesus,

"MAIYA DASS."

The minister readily consented to baptize him, but I will give you the account in the lady's own words: "All the city was moved. Maiya Dass was of high caste, had inherited considerable property from his father, besides having a lucrative situation, was well educated, and withal had so much nobility of character that he was universally esteemed. Such a person must not be allowed to throw himself away till every means should be exhausted to prevent. On the day before the baptism, relatives came from Amritsir to dissuade him from his purpose, and on Saturday morning his friends thronged the house, beseeching him not to leave the faith of his fathers. Finally wearied with this, and desiring quiet for thought and prayer, he took occasion, during an interval in these visits, to drive off to the cantonments.

"In the afternoon a party of relatives, headed by the mother, came to the serai where Mr. Newton was staying, and falling on their faces before him, beating their foreheads against the ground, besought him to give them back the heart of their friend, that had been stolen from them and their religion. It was vain for Mr. Newton to assure them that he possessed no power to do this. They left him, and with a large crowd gathered about the house of Mai-

ya Dass, to await his return. Having found entreaty useless, they determined on another course. Seizing the horse, they first dragged him and his friends from the wagon; they again thrust him in, and one of their number took the reins and drove him to his home in the city. His friends attempted to extricate him, but were so outnumbered that it was impossible.

"After some delay, a squad of policemen went to the house and liberated the prisoner. It was not considered prudent to have the baptism in the mission church in the city, so, early on Sabbath morning, a little company went over to the cantonments, and the ordinance was administered in the Library building.

"According to a previous promise, Maiya Dass returned to his home immediately after his baptism, but the experience of two or three days showed him that it would be quite impossible to live with his family, so he came back to the rooms he had previously occupied. He occasionally hears from them of their continued desire for his return to Hindooism. Meantime he is fervently praying for their conversion to Christianity, and is striving to do all he can by conversation, giving testaments, tracts, etc., for his heathen friends who still visit him."

XXXIX.

BENARES.

ONE more letter, and from Benares, but this is positively my last from India. We could not leave the country without a visit to the sacred city of the Hindoos, and are detained here a day longer than we had anticipated, so I have an opportunity of "taking my pen in hand," etc. We are near the holy Ganges again, and in the *most holiest* of all holy places. If even a beef-eater happen to die within ten miles of this sanctum sanctorum, he will go direct to heaven, according to Hindoo theology. It is no wonder, then, that the believers in such a doctrine flock to this place and desire to end their days here.

An Indian legend says that Benares was formerly built of gold, but on account of the wickedness of the people it became mud. Still, this mud is very sacred; they call the city the "lotus of the world," and according to one story declare it to be founded on the point of Siva's trident. Now, as

you may imagine, I am not going to give a regular description of this wonderful place, but I must tell you of some sights we saw; my letters would be very incomplete without it.

In the first place, Benares is on the north side of the Ganges, and on the outside of the curve which the river makes just here. It stretches for about three miles along the river, and about a mile back from it on ground higher than that across the river. The English town known as Secrole stands entirely by itself, and is laid out with broad streets, but it is of the real Benares that I want to write.

We started out to explore it as soon as possible after our arrival, for we wanted to see all that was to be seen of course. Father got ponies for us to ride, as that mode of traveling seemed to be the safest. I don't mean that we are in danger of our lives from enemies, but the streets are so very narrow and crooked in some places that we really could hardly tell how we were going to come out. We didn't canter along very gayly, I assure you, for we met constantly donkeys and camels and men and women and sacred bulls, besides an occasional elephant whose huge body reached from wall to wall. Then, as we went on, we met hordes

of religious beggars, and what were more repulsive than all the animals, the fakirs.

I thought I had seen them in their worst form, but Benares bears the palm. A traveler has truly said, "The mendicants from the numerous Hindoo sects, with every conceivable deformity which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides." We saw some with their hands clenched till their finger-nails had pierced entirely through the hand; others had stood upon one leg till the other was of little use; others had one arm shriveled and paralyzed from holding it for years in the same position. Oh, it makes me sick at heart to see these poor deluded beings living this wretched life in the vain belief that they will earn eternal happiness!

We rode on until we came to the famous Doorgha Khond, a temple dedicated to the goddess Doorgha, but really devoted to monkeys. Just imagine thousands—yes, thousands!—of these little fellows running about the temple, on the housetops, in the street, everywhere around. Being holy, they are at liberty to do what they please, and are fully aware of the fact, for they are as saucy as they

can be. As we were standing at the door of the temple, one hanging over it put down his paw and caught Chat's cap. He had hardly time to look up before the fellow had it up on the roof. It was not a very pleasant position to be in, Chat thought, but he enjoyed the fun, and finally the monkey dropped the cap at his feet.

But more sacred than the monkeys are the bulls, which are a greater nuisance. No one is allowed to disturb them, though they may eat everything eatable from a stand or take it into their heads to dash into a china store. They are fat, lazy animals, continually in your way. Father told us how the English managed with them a few years ago; I think they showed as much ingenuity as a Yankee could in similar circumstances.

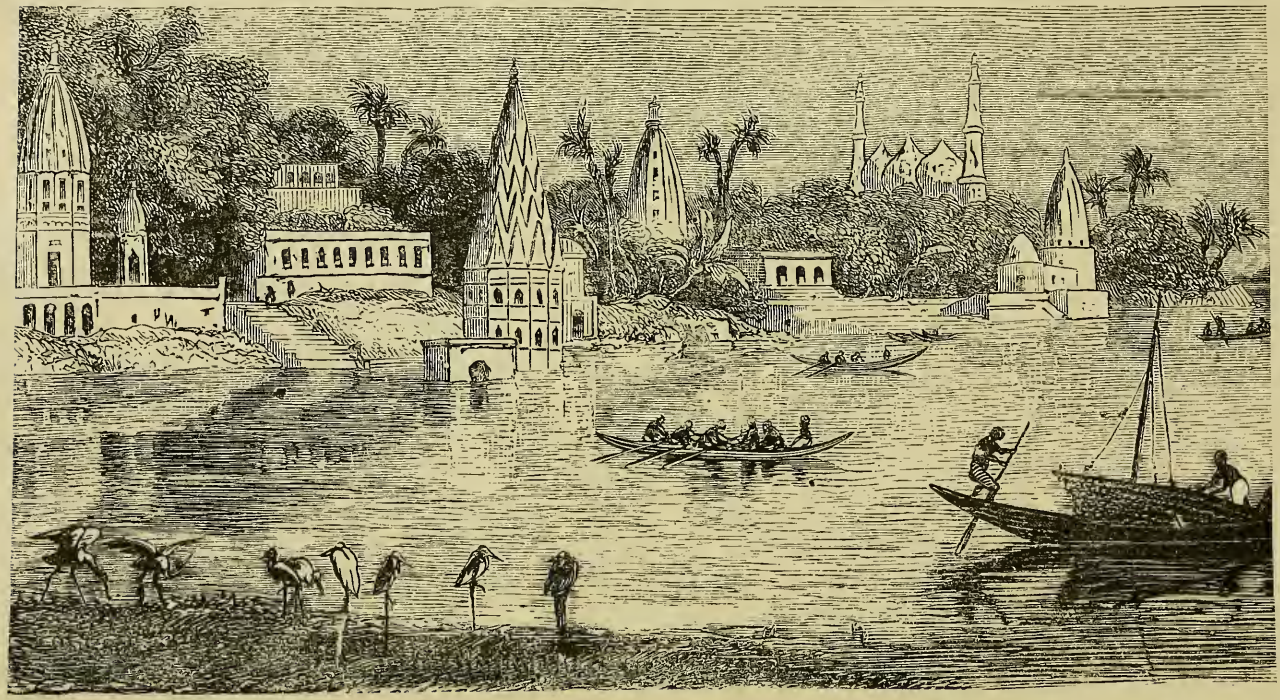
The bulls had multiplied to such an extent that the English decided to rid the place of them if possible. They could not have them killed without raising great opposition, and probably another rebellion. "To kill the Brahmin bulls would be a thousand times worse than to behead so many princes." At last they hit upon the right plan; they turned them out to graze in the jungle, where the tigers made short work with them.

We passed a temple at almost every turn; there

are hundreds of them, but they are generally neither large nor imposing. It is said that the idols of Benares number more than half a million. From what I have told you, you will be apt to think that Benares is a dull, sluggish old town, given to idolatry, with no thought of business. Strange to say, that idea would be a very wrong one. It is as decidedly a business city as it is a religious one, and you can see the stir and bustle of life and activity by going into the streets.

Here is the factory of the famous brocade of Benares, where are made magnificent gold brocades worth a hundred dollars, sometimes hundreds of dollars, a yard. Here are manufactories of silk and cotton and fine wool and gold and silver lace. Here is an extensive trade in the fine steel of English make, and many other articles of commerce.

We decided unanimously that riding through the streets, where our ponies were taxed to the utmost to know how to get through, was not the best means of seeing the city, so we took a boat and sailed around the semi-circle. Then we could see the grandeur of the holy city; it was before us and around us. "Its most massive structures have their foundations laid in the river itself, and rise up a hundred feet by terraces or ghauts, broad stone



Benares from the River Ganges.

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stairways, so that the palaces and mosques and temples overhang the river."

I shall long remember our sail down the river; perhaps the rest and quiet were better appreciated from succeeding our perilous ride through the streets. It was so delightful to glide along, taking in the view before us and having the places of interest pointed out and explained. We passed numerous ghauts where men and women in great numbers came down the stone steps to the river to wash away their sins. We saw many bowing and repeating their prayers to the river itself. They seemed to be entirely unconscious of what was going on around them. Frequently we came to a landing-place where the Hindoo dead were burned. We saw pile after pile made ready for the torch, and some bodies that were already undergoing the cremation, filling the air with a dense smoke and perfume of which it makes me sick to think.

The principal mosque of the city is the Great Mosque of Aurungzebe, which rises up from the water's edge, massive and tall and grand. Chat said that they ought to have thrown Aurungzebe from one of the minarets into the river, but I enjoyed the building just as much as if the builder had been a better man.

When we left the boat to go up into the city, it was indeed "up," for a hundred steps were before us. On our return to Secrole we passed the residence of the Rajah Sumbhoo Nargen Singh, who, father told us, has just succeeded to that title on account of his father's death. His father, Sir Deo Nargen Singh, though a Hindoo, was very liberal in his views, and did much for the good of others. He remained faithful to the British during the mutiny in 1857. For this and other services to the government, he was made a knight commander of the star of India. The queen so highly appreciated his services as to send him a very valuable piece of silver plate as a gift from her royal self.

But we have seen so much in Benares that I hardly know what to mention particularly. Perhaps nothing has occupied more of our time and attention than the sacred wells, and I think you will be interested in them.

The first well we visited was the Gyán Bápi, or Gyán Kúp, "well of knowledge," in which the natives believe the god Siva resides. This well is between the mosque and temple of Bishéswar, and is not the pleasantest place in the world to visit for mortals who are provided with olfactories.

They have a tradition that "once upon a time"

Benares was without rain for twelve years, and of course the people suffered greatly in consequence. They were relieved at length by a *Rishi*, "one of the mythical beings, not exactly divine, and certainly not mortal, who, to the number of many thousands, are reverenced by the Hindoos." He grasped the trident of Siva, dug up the earth at this spot, and ever since there has been a good supply of water in the well.

When Siva was informed of this circumstance, he promised to take up his abode in the well and reside there for ever. It is said that when the old temple of Bishéswar was destroyed, a priest took the idol of the temple and cast it down there for safety, so I suppose the well must be doubly sacred. The natives were thronging the place when we arrived, so for a time we could only stand at a distance and watch the deluded devotees.

They were throwing in the well flowers, rice and a variety of articles in sacrifice to the deity below. The mixture thus formed is in a constant state of decay, and the stench from it is almost insupportable. The well is surrounded by "a handsome low-roofed colonnade, the stone pillars of which are in four rows, and are upwards of forty in number." This tasteful building was erected in 1828 by Sri

Maut Baija Bai, widow of Sri Maut Dowlat Ras Sindhia Bahadoor, of Gwalior.

North-west from the Gyán Kúp is Ad-Bishéswar, the temple of the "Primeval Lord of All." Quite near this temple is Kási Karwat, a sacred well, to which we next directed our steps. "Besides the vertical opening, there is a passage leading down to the water, which formerly was traversed daily by religious Hindoos desirous of approaching the holiest part of the well." Siva is also the god of this well. A few years ago a man offered himself in sacrifice to him, when the authorities caused the passage to be closed. The priests, however, complained that a large part of their income would thus be cut off, so they are allowed to open it every Monday.

We visited the Kál Kúp, or Well of Fate, but not at the proper time of day to learn anything of our own fortunes. In the trellis-work of the outer wall is a square hole so situated that the sun's rays pass through it and strike the water in the well at exactly twelve o'clock. At that hour numbers visit it, and those who cannot trace their shadows in the water are doomed to die within six months, according to the Hindoo belief.

A more famous well is Manikarniká. "Its fetid

water is regarded as a healing balm, which will infallibly wash away all the sins of the soul and make it pure and holy. There is no sin so heinous or abominable but, in popular estimation, it is here instantly effaced. Even for the crime of murder it can, it is said, procure forgiveness."

Stone steps lead down to the water on the four sides. The seven lowermost steps are said to be without a joining, although we could see several without looking very closely. The people like to delude themselves in this way. The Brahmins say that these seams are only superficial, and that the seven steps are a part of the original work performed by divine hands. This well is dedicated to the god Vishnu. There are several stories about its origin, some of which we have either heard or read. I will give you one as very soberly stated in the *Kasi-Khanda:*

"The god Vishnu dug this well with his discus, and, in lieu of water, filled it with the perspiration from his own body, and gave it the name of Chakra-pushkariní. He then proceeded to its north side and began to practice asceticism. In the mean time, the god Siva arrived, and, looking into the well, beheld in it the beauty of a hundred millions of suns, with which he was so enraptured that he at

once broke out into loud praises of Vishnu, and in his joy declared that whatever gift he might ask of him he would grant.

"Gratified at the offer, Vishnu replied that his request was that Siva should always reside with him. Siva, hearing this, felt greatly flattered by it, and his body shook with delight. From the violence of the motion an ear-ring called Manikarniká fell from his ear into the well. From this circumstance Siva gave the well the name of Manikarniká. Among the epithets applied to it are those of Muktikshetra, 'seat of liberation,' and Púrnasubhakaran, 'complete source of felicity.' Siva further decreed that it should be the chief and the most efficacious among places of pilgrimage."

Another well which we saw is the Nág Kúán, or Serpent's Well, which, father says, is thought to be very old. "Steep stone stairs, in the form of a square, lead down to the well, and a broad wall of good masonry, six or seven feet thick, surrounds them at their summit, rising to the height of four or five feet above the ground. Each of the four series of stairs has an entrance of its own. Their junction below forms a small square, in the centre of which is the well. Descending twelve stone steps, you reach the water, which is stagnant and

foul. Beneath the water is a sheet of iron, which constitutes the door leading to a still lower well, which perhaps may be the old well in its original state."

The Nág, or Serpent, is worshiped at this well. There is a figure representing three serpents in a niche in the wall of one of the stairs; and on the floor is an image of Siva in stone, with a snake crawling up it. It is humiliating to think that human beings worship such objects as these, yet many come here with earnest and sincere hearts, expecting to receive a divine blessing.

This well is visited only once a year for religious purposes, in the Hindoo month of Sáwan, when snakes are most numerous. A festival is held then called the Nág-Panchamí Melá. Men and women of all ranks attend the melá and bathe in the well. Persons of respectability do not prolong their stay after they have sacrificed and bathed.

There are other wells here, the Dharm-Kúp, Chandra Kúp, or Well of the Moon, etc., but these were about as many as we could endure in one visit to the holy city, and probably as many as you care to hear about.

While passing one of the temples we noticed an unusual number of persons collected at the door,

and stopped to learn the cause. A young girl seemed to be the principal actor in the scene, but she looked far from happy. We found that we had come to a wedding, but a very strange one. The parents of this girl had vowed to one of the gods that if he would spare the life of their sick son, they would devote this daughter to him. The son was restored to health, and the poor parents were fulfilling their vow. The girl was married to the hideous idol with a great many ceremonies by the priests and sacrifices by the parents. We remained until the parents left, and you need not think me foolish when I tell you that I wept to see them depart without their daughter. The mother was almost overcome, but she bore up bravely, for she thought she was doing right. The girl looked so wistfully after her, it must have been so trying for them both. Oh, how hard and cruel their religion is! and it brings them only bitter disappointment in the end. This girl was left to live about the temple, perhaps to devote herself to idol-worship, but most probably, father says, to live a life of shame and disgrace. There are too many of these forsaken women, who aid in the indecent practices that pass for worship at some of the Hindoo festivals. So much evil has the sanction of the

gods that, mother says, the system of idolatry is far more corrupt than we can see in our passing glance. How it makes the religion of Jesus stand out in spotless majesty by the contrast! How it shows our precious Saviour the One "altogether lovely," the One "fairer than the sons of men," and the only One by whom we can be saved!

In the first part of this letter I told you of our visit to the Doorga Khond; I must add the story of the Doorga, as related by the Hindoo writers:

"There was once a famous demon named Doorg, son of another demon named Ruru, who devoted himself to the performance of ascetic rites, and so severely and successfully applied himself to their exercise that he acquired a prodigious stock of merit, and, together with it, unbounded power. By degrees he became superior to all the deities, who fled from his presence and hid themselves; while Doorg, entering their dominions and usurping their authority, began to transact the affairs of the world. Indra himself, the king of the gods, was obliged to surrender his sceptre to him; and in the like manner, Agni (the god of Fire), Pavana (the god of the Winds) and Jala (the god of Water) submitted to his irresistible authority. The demon

put a stop to religion among men, and injustice, tyranny and oppression spread over the earth.

"He treated the gods most ignominiously, and ordered them to feed his cows. These divine personages, in their distress, went in a body to Siva, to whom they represented their miserable condition. Taking pity on them, Siva commanded Gaurí, his wife, to go and kill the demon, and deliver the gods from their calamities. Thereupon, Gauri summoned the bloody goddess Mahákálí, and instructed her to slay the demon. In obedience to her instructions, Mahákálí set out to attack Doorg; but Doorg, hearing of her approach, called together his relatives and servants, and said to them, 'Seize this woman, and take care she does not escape.'

"They then seized Mahákálí, and were carrying her off to the house of the demon, but on the way, in her anger, she darted fire from her mouth and burned them all to ashes. On witnessing this mishap, Doorg gathered together a large number of his adherents and sent them to recapture the goddess. But these fared no better than their predecessors, and were destroyed in a similar manner. The demon was now exceedingly annoyed, and assembled an immense army, numbering several millions of persons, and sent it against the goddess.

"Daunted by such a host, Mahákálí fled, and ascended to heaven in the form of a balloon, followed by the army, which soared up to the skies in pursuit of her. After a time the army descended to the earth again, and encamped on Bindhyáchal; but Mahákálí kept on her way until she came to Gaurí, to whom she narrated the circumstances of her journey, adding that a vast army was on its way to capture her. On receiving this intelligence, Gaurí became incarnate in a body, possessing a thousand arms, of such gigantic dimensions that it reached from earth to heaven. When Doorg beheld her, he was smitten with her beauty, and declared to his people that whoever among them should capture her should sit on the throne of Indra.

"Excited by the prospect of obtaining such a high distinction, several regiments of the army made a rush upon Gaurí, with so great an uproar that the four elephants which supported the earth on their backs became terrified and fled in dismay to Bindhyáchal. Gaurí was delighted at seeing them, and in her own defence immediately created an army of gods and instruments of warfare. A large number of the enemy were slain through the power and activity of the goddess; and Doorg

himself, smarting under the loss he had sustained, now took part in the conflict. Holding in his hands a trident, a sword, a bow and arrows, he came on with irresistible impetuosity, and, approaching Gaurí, inflicted upon her a heavy blow. The goddess fainted, but, presently recovering herself, arose and ordered the gods to engage with the foe.

"The battle between the gods and the demons now became general, during which Doorg and Gaurí fought together, and, fighting, ascended to heaven and descended to the earth again. On reaching the earth, the demon seized a stone and threw it at the goddess, who, on its coming near, breathed a curse upon it and reduced it to powder. He then laid hold of an entire mountain, and, raising it up, hurled it at Gaurí; but she crumbled it also to powder, and with her weapon struck the demon, who, uttering a loud cry, fell to the ground. The merciless goddess then cut off the head of Doorg, and all the enemies being slain, the battle was most satisfactorily ended.

"The gods now approached Gaurí, and began to extol her for her valor and exploits, and showered flowers from heaven on the earth below. The celestial danseuses, musicians and minstrels, Apsaras, Gandharvas and Kinnaras, were summoned, and, together with the gods, Munis and Rishis,

joined in rendering praise to Gaurí. Gratified with the honor paid to her, the goddess gave utterance to these words: 'Whoever shall repeat what has been written in my praise shall be delivered from pain and fear, and I will make myself present when invoked with eulogies that name me. I will also change my appellation to Doorgá, by which, in the future, I wish to be addressed, because I have slain the demon Doorg.' Having said this, she vanished, and order was everywhere re-established."

Such is the story; what do you think of it? Father says it is not more improbable than most of the tales about their gods and goddesses, and there are so many of them. Almost any Hindoo can entertain you with numbers of remarkable stories, all of which he generally believes implicitly. Chat has learned enough of the language to understand much of the conversation of the natives, and they tell him a great many tales. He will have a large stock of them to repeat when we see you. Chat has more patience in listening to these tales than I have. By the time I hear two or three I begin to want something more sensible. I hope the time will come when the sweet story of the manger of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary will be known and loved by every Hindoo.

Now I have touched upon this old city, and that is all I promised you. But a few points have I gathered for you from the grand panorama that has passed before my eyes since I entered this wonderful land. Would that I had the power to give to others the pictures which my mind receives, in all their fullness and vividness! Alas that so many of the rays from above are absorbed or refracted by passing through even the purest earthly medium!

We start upon our homeward journey to-morrow morning, my dear brother, and I must seek my rest to be prepared for an early awakening. Good-bye to India.

THE END.

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